Misjudging Ben Bella *Jean Daniel*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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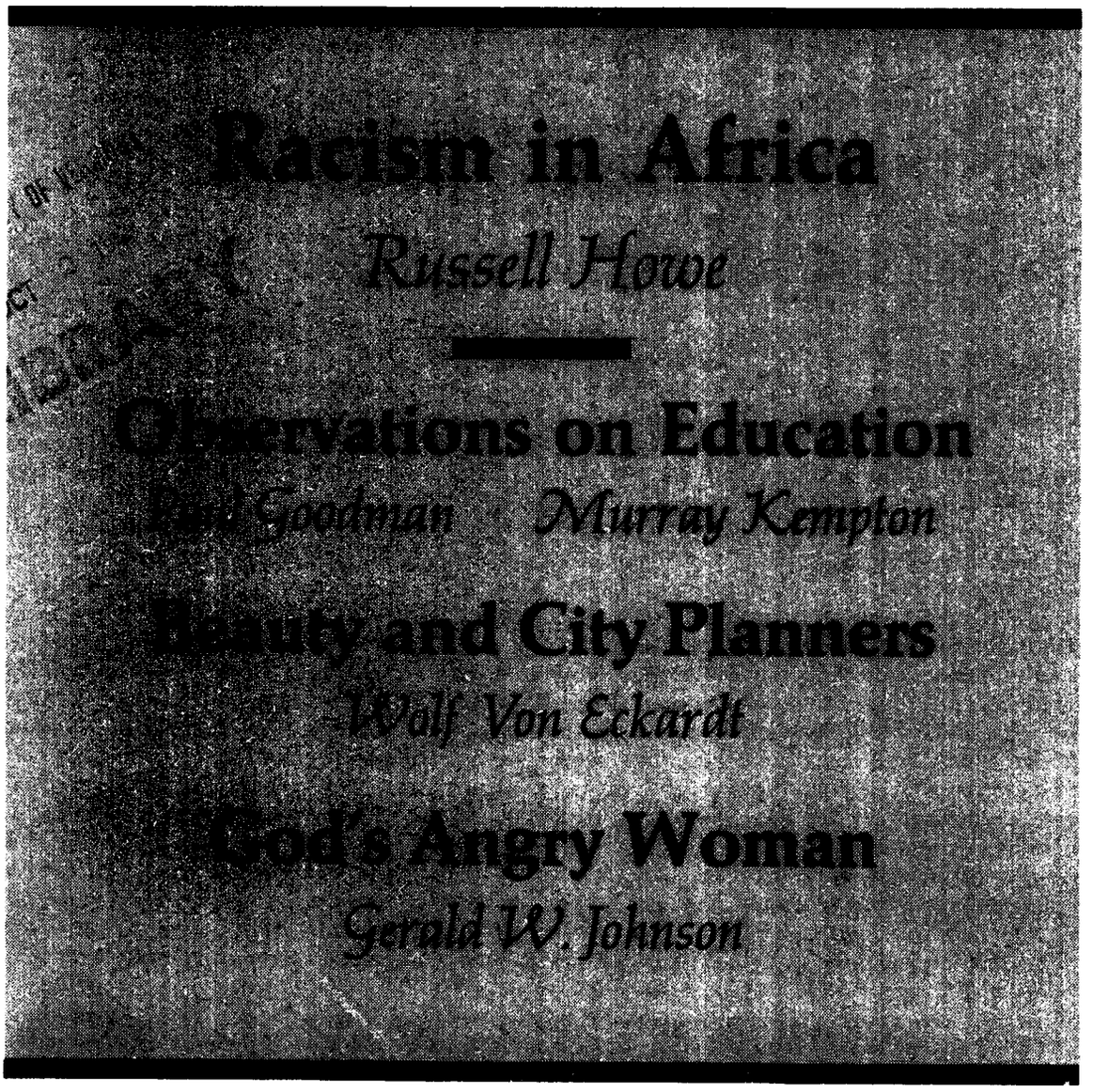

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T.R.B. from Washington

Bidin' Their Time

★ Hanging over Congress like a pall is the certainty of a Southern filibuster. It will be against civil rights and more than any other thing it has produced The Great Slowdown. Segregationist chairmen of other committees aren't hurrying when a general blockade may obstruct civil rights. Now the House has passed the tax bill, but do you imagine Virginia's Byrd, chairman of the Senate's slow-motion Finance Committee, is going to speed it up? Not at all; the tax bill is a hurdle for civil rights, and Byrd won't even start tax hearings till mid-October, and it probably won't reach the Senate floor till mid-November. This ought to block civil rights action for this session.

Is time important? The question is, of course, whether America's racial revolution will occur in the streets or in the courts, and the answer to *that* is whether Congress can function. Everybody laughs at Congress. Its defects haven't mattered too much in the past, but now the pace of everything *is accelerating. Things won't wait;* there's a fuse burning. How long can Negro leaders control followers when four little girls in starched Sunday School frocks lie dead in Birmingham, and when 15 years of dynamitings go on? Insurance companies in Birmingham are cutting coverage for Negro homes and churches, refusing renewals, and cancelling policies, according to the *Wall Street Journal;* they are making their own bet that law and order won't be maintained and Congress won't act.

James D. Martin is a man you probably never heard about, but he came within 7,000 votes of beating Alabama's veteran Senator Lister Hill in 1962. Martin, you see, is a Goldwater-type and symbolizes the Republican drive to make the South a two-party area, something that seems in a fair way to happen, particularly if dashing Sundust Barry is the GOP nominee next year. We already have one such figure in the Senate, Texas Republican John G. Tower, a little Napoleon somewhat to the right of Sundust.

Well, there is a queer dilemma for the conservatives. Suppose Martin had won in Alabama; Senator Hill has accumulated 25 years' seniority in Congress, which makes him fourth-ranking Democrat on the Appropriations Committee, and chairman of the Labor and Public Welfare Committee. (He is a liberal on most subjects but civil rights; but that doesn't affect the present argument.) Martin's victory would have knocked the South out of one of its precious committee chairmanships, the most powerful single weapon it has in Congress. Michigan's Pat McNamara would have taken over. Republican Martin, like Republican Tower, would have taken his place on the lower step of the Senate's mortuary escalator and wouldn't have surfaced through the sea of seniority for another dozen years. Putting it more prosaically, Republicans are going to get a two-party system in the South at the expense of weakening controls by which segregationists have ruled since the Civil War.

"Uncritical Press"?

★ We notice that the Scripps-Howard paper in Washington is running a column by William F. Buckley Jr., the right-wing editor who supports Goldwater. Traveling about the country last summer, we noted that Goldwater himself (or at any rate his stable of ghosts) is putting out a widely-circulated column. Then there is columnist David Lawrence, whose anti-Kennedy conservatism assays 24 carat; *Newsweek* regularly gives us the double riches of Raymond Moley and Henry Hazlitt which is like pouring honey on a frozen custard; and similar pundits dot the horizon. When we turned to the radio on our travels we picked up oil millionaire H. L. Hunt's *Life Line* ghoulishly taking the Goldwater-John Birch slant in town after town. We would say, on the whole, the right-wing is pretty well represented in our public prints and reflects the overwhelming bias of the publishers. We find we are mistaken, however. A nationally-syndicated columnist praises the new book by Victor Lasky, *JFK, the Man and the Myth,* on the ground that while it is unfair and one-sided, it is "a useful corrective" to the "glow of a substantially uncritical press" toward Mr. Kennedy. Dear me. The reviewer explains that if the President were being "blasted and buffeted by hostile criticism" he would warn against the book, "as being dangerously one-sided"; but as it is, it is "a useful corrective." We are delighted to learn we were wrong about the press, and that it is really "substantially uncritical" of Mr. Kennedy; and we are even more charmed at the willingness of a colleague, when he discerns this one-sidedness, to dash in and give a few kicks to the President, out of a simple spirit of fair-mindedness.

Even Nixon

★ We noted last week that there is a lot of talk about Nixon in Washington. The general feeling is that Rocky is dead but doesn't know it, and that he will be clobbered in the New Hampshire primary next March 10 by Sundust Barry; also that Romney and Scranton can't make the grade.

A lot of reporters here now think nothing can stop Goldwater, and maybe they're right. But we note that Mr. Nixon has now announced that he's going to do considerable speaking from now on, as the titular leader of his party. We can imagine a situation in the last hours of the San Francisco GOP convention where a Stop Goldwater Movement would center on Our Richard. We also imagine that the Eisenhower Republicans are now good and scared over Goldwater, and the kind of screwball party that it will be if he got the nod. What Bryan's funny-money views did to the Democrats for three elections, Goldwater might do in reverse to the Republicans. Readers probably are aware that Nixon isn't exactly our cup of tea; but for the sake of the country we would prefer him to a romantic primitive like Sundust Barry.

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Together to the Moon

The President's proposal before the United Nations last week to give up an "America First" policy in space, represents, despite disclaimers, a surprising, and welcome, about-face. A month earlier, Mr. Kennedy had said that "to be really meaningful," collaboration in man's first flight to the moon "would require a good deal of inspection on both sides and there is no evidence as yet that the Soviet Union is prepared to accept that." Several weeks before that, he said that "the kind of cooperative effort which would be required of the Soviet Union and the United States together to go to the moon would require a breaking down of a good many barriers of suspicion and distrust and hostility which exist between the Communist world and ourselves. There's no evidence as yet that those barriers will come down." And a year ago at Rice University, the President in speaking of our role in space had said that "the vows of this nation can only be fulfilled if we in this nation are first, and therefore we intend to be first"; that "we intend to win and . . . to do it first before this decade is out."

What has happened to change the President's mind? There is, of course, the signing of the test ban treaty. From there, the mind moves easily to agreements banning space bombers, and then on to a multinational exploration of the heavens.

Though the President brushed off the reports at the time, the first evidence of possible Russian interest in a joint lunar probe came several months ago when British radio astronomer Sir Bernard Lovell, returning from a visit to the USSR, reported that the Soviets did not have a firm manned lunar program and that they might be open to a cooperative venture. Then, early in September during a meeting between Hugh Dryden, Deputy Administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and Anatoly Blagonravov, the Soviet academician who represented his country in prior negotiations for US-Soviet cooperation in space, the Russian scientist suggested the possibility of getting together on a moon-landing project. Why? One may guess that as long as the Soviets could extract maximum prestige from space spectaculars, using relatively inexpensive modifications of large rocket boosters originally developed for ballistic missiles, they welcomed competition in space. But a man to the moon and back is something else: if our Apollo lunar landing program shows signs of straining the US budget, an equivalent program would be an even less tolerable strain on the Soviet economy. Within the short space of five years the massive US space budget has grown from a couple hundred million dollars to roughly $5 billion, with reason to believe NASA

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will seek $6 billion in fiscal 1965. In any program of such magnitude, with so many unknowns, the added requirement of extreme haste is bound to make for considerable waste as well as transforming what is "an immensely fascinating scientific experiment," in Walter Lippmann's words, "into a morbid and vulgar stunt." If a joint effort did nothing more than to enable this country to move ahead at a less frantic pace, there is little question that the over-all cost of the program would be less.

One US space official has spoken of the difficulty of trying to integrate or mate a Soviet rocket booster first stage with a US built second-stage or spacecraft. Unquestionably this might be more trouble than it is worth. But there are other opportunities for cooperation. For example, US efforts to orbit a spacecraft around the moon and take TV photos of the landscape for selecting a possible landing site have been unsuccessful. The Soviets not only accomplished this several years ago but have the necessary rocket boosters and huge spacecraft payload capacity to repeat it. Initially, the venture could take the form of assigning tasks which each nation could perform on its own as part of the over-all program, thus sparing the other the cost of duplicative effort. Whether the first craft to land on the moon is built here or in Russia is a question which need not be decided soon; realistic observers are inclined to think that the first manned lunar landing and safe return will not occur during this decade, as the optimists had once predicted, and perhaps not even in the next.

There is almost no chance, it seems to us, that the Russians would agree to any plan which would allow an American access to their rockets, launching facilities, or blueprints for military hardware. At most, they might be willing to design, build and test some of the special equipment for the lunar voyage, or perhaps put their mathematicians and engineers to work on some of the computations and theoretical problems. Also, if they accept the idea at all, they should be willing to send one or two cosmonauts for training and eventual launching in one of our vehicles.

There is a great deal still to be discovered. No space vehicle now on the drawing boards can protect its crew from the deadly radiation in outer space; cosmic rays and bursts of protons from storms on the sun sweep across the solar system and bombard the surface of the moon. But in another decade or so, physicists and engineers might be able to develop some technique to shield astronauts from this lethal barrage. A more leisurely program would allow space scientists time to publish the results and get some feedback from their colleagues in other institutions and other disciplines before planning new experiments. In particular, experts in theoretical work would have a chance to digest experimental results, formulate new theories and suggest new experiments to test them.

Ever suspicious of espionage, the Soviets may edge up to the President's proposal very cautiously – or even back away from it, and the space waste may continue. Regardless, the President has taken a bold lead and given both Congress and the Kremlin a chance to withdraw with dignity from a profitless, dangerous race.

After Bosch

Washington knew three days before it happened that Juan Bosch was finished as President of the Dominican Republic. Bosch had said privately when he visited Washington within days after his election that the military might not let him govern.

Dissatisfactions with Bosch had been growing for some time. Business groups in Santo Domingo – among them the old Trujillo gang – were determined to wreck the new regime; the land reform plans and taxation measures gave them good excuse, as did Bosch's menacing shouts at neighboring Haiti. Discontented officers had met several times with Bosch to discuss their grievances. One of their leaders, Army General Antonio Imbert, lone survivor of the group which assassinated General Trujillo two years ago, is a tireless intriguer with ambitions to run the government.

In Washington, officials privately expressed their outrage at the overthrow of the Dominican Republic's first elected government in three decades. But in all candor, the outrage was not long sustained. Some said that Bosch was not only an ineffective administrator, but that he was too unbending toward the conservatives and the military and too lenient toward the extreme left. During his eight months in office, exiled Communists had been permitted to re-enter the country and pro-Castro activity had been on the rise. "Bosch's attitude toward the Communists left a lot to be desired," one US official was quoted as saying last week. (The new junta declared something of a holy war against Communists.)

On the other hand, whether it liked him or not the Kennedy Administration had a stake in Bosch as a symbol of representative government in the Dominican Republic, and elsewhere. Here is the real setback, and it will have repercussions elsewhere in Latin America. The ease with which the military took over will not go unnoticed in Venezuela where President Betancourt is preparing for new elections.

What now? It would be easier to say if Bosch had been overthrown by a Communist conspiracy. Then the wrath of Washington would have been terrible to see. The Organization of American States would have been summoned to discuss how – by blockade, moral

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censure, diplomatic isolation, military intervention – this flouting of representative rule could be punished.

What will happen in fact? The suspension of diplomatic relations and of $50 million in US aid are temporary. When the junta gives the usual assurances of a return to civilian rule, they will be renewed. It is difficult, however, to see how Ambassador John Bartlow Martin who worked so closely with Bosch can be kept in his position.

Spain–Playing It Cool

When Mariano Yturralde, the Spanish Ambassador, died in Washington early last year, General Franco decided to replace him by a non-career man more likely to succeed in getting the American government to renew – on better military, economic and also political terms – the three agreements signed in September, 1953, which had started the Franco regime back from isolation and economic distress to a role in the Western community and relative prosperity. Antonio Garrigues, a lawyer representing important US business companies, who had played a part in the negotiations leading to the establishment of US military bases in Spain, came to Washington as Franco's personal emissary. He made speeches last autumn and winter, for example, before the Council on Foreign Relations, which hinted broadly that Madrid might not renew the agreements unless Washington granted not only new and better military equipment and further economic help, but also support to transform the agreements into some form of alliance and for the Spanish Government's desire for association with the European Economic Community and with NATO. Then, early this year the Spanish Government gave official notice of a desire to renegotiate the agreements to make them conform with changed conditions.

The move was ill-timed. The Clay Report expressed the generally held view that Spain was getting more good out of the agreements than the United States. Torrejon, Moron, Rota and the other bases would become less rather than more valuable strategically as time passed; Spain had a favorable balance of payments and an improving economic situation, thanks to US aid and private investments (and the Spanish Treasury wasn't making itself popular by contributing to the gold drain). As for the political conditions, even if the Administration were willing, there was no chance to get two-thirds of the Senate to ratify a full alliance, nor to sponsor successfully Spain's entry into EEC (where Italy probably would veto) or into NATO (where Norway and Denmark surely would veto).

So both in Washington and in Madrid the Administration marked time and waited for the Spaniards to

Chicken Feed

The most influential opponent of the test ban treaty, which the Senate approved last week by a 80-19 vote, was Sen. Richard B. Russell (D, Ga.), Chairman of the Armed Services Committee. In my opinion, had the treaty been served as a side dish to a chicken agreement, Russell would have gone along.

Georgia ranks first in the United States in production of broiler chickens; its citizens are therefore anxious over French efforts to exclude US chicks from the Common Market. Could Senator Russell have voted against a treaty that, in addition to prohibiting nuclear tests, offered an alternative market – in the USSR – for US chickens? Though fears had been expressed that any Senate additions to the treaty would have led the Soviet Union to reject it, a trade agreement involving chicken sales would have had the opposite effect, enlarging the sphere of common interest between the United States and Russia. The surest way to lure the Russians into the American camp is to promise them a chicken in every pot.

The leading spokesman for the treaty and Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Sen. J. W. Fulbright (D, Ark.), likewise missed a splendid chance to reassure voters in *his* state, which ranks second in broiler chicken production, regarding their doubts about banning nuclear tests. Had Senator Fulbright proposed a rider to the treaty, making the test ban conditional upon Soviet purchases of US broilers, his name would deservedly have gone down in diplomatic history as the architect of "the chicken coup."

But the real significance of the chicken rider would have been its effect on the balance of payments and the drain on the US gold reserve.

Canada has shown the way. Because of last week's agreement to sell the Soviet Union 198 million bushels of wheat, combined with an earlier agreement to supply Communist China with 187 million bushels, Canada's chronic balance-of-payments problem has shrunk to manageable proportions.

Right-wing groups might quail at the thought of selling 100 percent American chickens to appease Soviet appetites. However, should the wheat bloc seek to emulate Canadian policy, it could combine with chicken interests to muster impressive support in Congress for closer Soviet American ties.

The international repercussions of a "chicken entente" would be less predictable. It is generally expected that the next fowl play will come from Paris. Speculation there has focused on a recent remark widely attributed to President de Gaulle, "Les poules sont chic." This translates: "The Poles are chicken."

Park Teter

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whittle down their demands, while making plain a sympathetic willingness to continue the agreements, more or less, in their present form, because they were obviously good for Spain.

The American tactics worked. On the eve of September 26, the deadline for Washington's accession to the official Spanish demand for "modernization," Spanish foreign minister Castiella, after two talks with Dean Rusk at the UN, hinted broadly that Madrid was willing to renew pretty much on the old terms. Although General Franco doesn't have as much leverage in dealing with Washington as his newly-acquired good friend, General de Gaulle, the results of quiet firmness with the one may be a precedent for future dealings with the other.

No-Win in Vietnam

The McNamara-Taylor mission to Vietnam, which has not returned as of this writing, was not intended to secure new information for the President, but to make the US commitment to Vietnam seem more convincing to the growing number of skeptics and, incidentally, to see what might be done to prevent these displays of dissension within US ranks.

As for the President's needing more facts, there isn't another country in the world that has as many Americans per square inch gathering information than South Vietnam. It is crawling with military officers, intelligence agents, AID officials, State Department employees, and journalists – the numbers creep up and up. Now Mr. Kennedy says there are 25,000 of them there. Not so long ago, the number was 5,000. If the "real" truth about the Diem regime and the chances for a successful prosecution of the war could not filter through these many sources, and if the President genuinely was interested in more "objective" information, he would not have sent Secretary McNamara and General Taylor, whose prominence is bound to wall them off from the lower orders.

The Administration has been badly shaken by the Buddhist demonstrations. It has long been aware that the unpopularity of the Diem regime is a serious handicap in ridding South Vietnam of the invaders. But what can it do? It can begin asking the right question; and that is, whether this war can be "won" on the battlefield.

The New Republic does not counsel a policy of disengagement from South Asia, but a policy of disengagement from the dictatorship of the Diem family, plus a positive search, in concert with others (including France, for de Gaulle has some wisdom on this subject) for ways of ending the war in Vietnam on terms other than unconditional surrender of either side.

Another Kennedy Judge

On May 15, in the case of *McCain* v *Davis*, a three-judge federal district court in New Orleans struck down a Louisiana statute enforcing segregation in hotels. At first blush, the only thing to wonder at in this intelligence is that such a litigation was not initiated and brought to this result much earlier. The case is nevertheless notable because of the action taken by one of the three judges, E. Gordon West, a Kennedy appointee to whose firm and outspoken views on civil rights we have previously called attention.

Judge West did not disagree with his colleagues in holding the Louisiana statute unconstitutional – he could scarcely have done so. Rather he fastened on an innocuous expression in the majority's opinion justifying the unusual procedure of convening a three-judge court instead of the normal single-judge court (a procedure with which he also did not disagree), and used this as a pretext to deliver himself of an advisory opinion to the hotel owners of Louisiana, as follows: "Just as I believe that the federal government may not legally force the owner or operator of a private business to integrate [no such federal law exists as yet, or was remotely before the court in this case], so do I believe that the state or local government may not compel the owner or operator of a private business to segregate [there is no record of Judge West's opposition, before his federal appointment, to Louisiana's many segregation laws]. Such continued and extended interference by state and federal government into the operations of purely private business will surely spell doom to our long cherised system of free enterprise. . . . Where, such as in the case of hotels, the business is not a state or federally franchised, monopolistic enterprise, the right of freedom to choose those with whom the owner or operator wishes to do business is just as fundamental as any of the so-called civil rights of which we lately hear so much . . . In my opinion, the only right involved is the right of the hotel owner to conduct his business without undue governmental interference, rather than the right of the Negro to be admitted to the hotels in question. . . . After the discriminatory law in question is held unconstitutional, and therefore no longer effective, the same private persons may continue, with complete immunity, to voluntarily discriminate to their hearts' content in the conduct of their private affairs."

Perhaps Louisiana hotel owners need no invitation in order to continue discriminating. But, in another sense, they certainly need no such invitation from a federal judge. Judge West has handed a weapon to those among them who wish to resist the pressure of national opinion. He has also – by his wholly gratuitous remarks – strengthened the hand of opponents of the Administration's civil rights bill now in Congress. He

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has, of course, no business doing any of this. Judge West purposefully and quite improperly used his office to further the segregationist predilections he has elsewhere openly declared.

Nor should anyone harbor the illusion that Judge West's predilections lead only to occasional *obiter dicta*, but do not affect the results he reaches. During the CORE demonstrations last month in Plaquemine, La., which kept James Farmer from being present for the march on Washington, it was Judge West who, at the behest of the local authorities, issued an injunction to prevent CORE from continuing. Just a few months earlier, in *CORE* v *Douglas* (318 F.2d 95, May 15, 1963), the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, Judge West's immediate superior, reversed a similar injunction against CORE demonstrations in McComb, Miss., issued by another Kennedy appointee, District Judge William H. Cox. This should have been persuasive if not binding authority for Judge West. It evidently did little to deter him. The question in such cases, incidentally, is not whether the demonstrators are protected by the First Amendment or by the Fourteenth; it is whether, in a case in which federal jurisdiction rests on nothing more than the accident of diversity of citizenship, there is any warrant for federal intervention in a purely local police situation. One would think that the states' rights answer would be clear.

A final note: There was a dissenter on the Court of Appeals from the action reversing Judge Cox of Mississippi in *CORE* v *Douglas*. He was Circuit Judge Walter P. Gewin of Alabama, one of the two Kennedy appointees to the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit.

Managed News

It was the Senate Foreign Relations Committee inquiry into the activities of lobbyists for foreign governments which unexpectedly revealed the innards of certain kinds of newspaper business: how easy it is for any public-relations man to take the pictures and write the stories that editors will be glad to run as fact because they don't have to pay for them.

Now the Republican Congressional Committee has demonstrated how easy it is in Washington to pass off partisan hand-outs as news. On July 17, it issued as background material a six-paragraph item of hard-sell entitled "Udall-Empire Builder." It began, "Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall has become the symbol of the Kennedy Administration – arrogance coupled with overriding, zealous activity to run roughshod over private interests and spread Government control. He is a prime example of the danger of bestowing too much power on Government agencies. . . ."

Five days later the *Delaware State News*, Dover, Delaware, printed a column by McLellan Smith, identified as its Washington correspondent, entitled "Udall, Empire Builder." Wrote correspondent Smith, "Secretary of Interior Stewart L. Udall has become the symbol of the New Frontier Administration – arrogance coupled with overriding, zealous activity to run roughshod over private interests and speed Government control of our lives and our properties. He is a prime example of the danger of handing too much power to Federal agencies. . . ." And all the rest.

Interest on the Debt

Wright Patman of the House Banking and Currency Committee has announced an investigation of Secretary Dillon's debt management policies. Perhaps his investigation will help explain why no government expenditure has increased as rapidly with as little attention from the Congress and as little opposition as the interest payments on the federal debt. Although that debt has increased by less than 20 percent since 1953, interest payments on it have increased by nearly 100 percent; within the last three years, they have risen by over $1 billion and now exceed $10 billion; they are the next largest expenditure in the federal budget, after those for national security.

Secretary Dillon's problem is to persuade the public – the banks, the insurance companies, the large industrial firms, and the Joe Doakes – to buy Treasury securities. Whenever the government has a deficit, he must raise the cash to pay the bills; as time passes and the outstanding securities approach the date at which their holders can redeem them for cash, the Treasury must sell new securities to get the money to pay off on the maturing securities. Since more than $85 billion of securities mature each year, the Treasury is borrowing almost continually.

Within the last several years the Treasury has deliberately sought to raise short-term interest rates, hoping to reduce the US payments deficit. In July the Treasury estimated that a one-half percent rise in short-term interest rates would reduce the flow of short-term funds abroad by $500 million a year. Interest rates on Treasury bills, now about 3.5 percent, are up by nearly one percent above their year-ago levels; and since $50 billion of Treasury bills are now outstanding, the cost to the government of this operation is $500 million. While the Treasury was flooding the markets with short-term securities to push short-term interest rates up, the Federal Reserve System was supposed to be buying long-term Treasury securities to pull down long-term rates, lest higher short-term rates spill over to higher long-term rates and depress the private economy. The idea seemed sound in theory. Several

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weeks ago, however, the United States Treasury engaged in a massive advance refunding, offering the public long-term securities scheduled to mature up to 1994 in exchange for securities scheduled to mature in the next several years. The net effect has been to push up long-term rates significantly, swamping the Federal Reserve's supposed intent to pull them down.

The central questions Congressman Patman will wish to put to Mr. Dillon are whether the Treasury pays the public too much to hold its securities, and whether the use of new and bolder debt management techniques might reduce the cost.

"Look, Lady, It's Human"

Washington is the wig capital of the world which is less a measure of Mrs. Kennedy's fashion influence than it is of the Negro woman's desire to straighten and beautify her hair. With wig sales running more than double those of a year ago, it is estimated that 45,000 wigs will be purchased in the nation's capital before the year is out, two-thirds of them by Negroes employed as telephone operators, lunch-counter waitresses, office clerks and maids to those oh-so-bright New Frontier hostesses.

Reputable wig makers are a rather reserved lot, and while they are pleased at increasing sales, they nonetheless fret that their clientele will become irresponsible and vulgar by rushing from one wig to another. They consider the wearing of a wig an education for the woman, and it is not something to be entered into frivolously. However, a new group of entrepreneurs fresh from the used car lots and the stock-touting "boiler shops" have plunged into the business and have opened up enticing wig salons throughout the city where they fleece the working girl. Here a woman can buy a wig, made, it is said, of the finest "human hair," priced usually over $100 but available on easy time payments. When she gets home and opens up the wig box, the purchaser is likely to find that the human hair comes from a yak or is of vinyl material. Nor is it the color she picked out at the store, and when she tries it on the wig not only looks hideous but causes her scalp to break out in a bright red rash. In a rage, she will return to the wig shop, demanding money back. Unfortunately, this will not be possible, for the salesman bamboozled her into signing a negotiable contract (she thought it was a deposit or a receipt) and quickly sold it to a finance company. Under the law, the finance company has no responsibility for the merchandise, and if the woman, as frequently happens, still refuses to pay up, the company will stop her credit, or even attach funds from her bank account. The woman's sole resource is to sue the wig shop and this is a costly business, as any lawyer knows.

As a result of these tactics, the local Better Business Bureau and the District of Columbia government have been deluged with complaints and several investigations are now under way.

The Washington racket is but one indication that the wig business has become a gravy train for speculators of every variety. Between two and five million women in the US own wigs, some of them more than one. Wigs made by machine of coarse Asiatic hair or from yaks or plastic material have received a tremendous reception, although they are considered to be definitely inferior to the handmade kind. To make a quality wig is still an art. More than 300,000 strands of fine European human hair must be knitted by hand into a nylon cap. The finished product weighs little more than three and one half ounces, and is expensive: Prices range between $250 and $750 whereas the machine-made equivalent costs anywhere from $99 up. The finest hair comes from Italy and 17,000 pounds of it were imported into this country from there last year. Other choice hair comes from West Germany, France, and more recently from the Soviet Union. The latter is brought into the US after it has been sorted and mixed in Europe so that its Communist origin is disguised. Hair speculators race about the world looking for women with long hair, and tales of the discovery of a primitive tribe of long-haired women in Latin America will send a speculator off by jet immediately. Hair prices vary depending on color and length. Brown hair, the most plentiful variety, will fetch up to $18 an ounce; natural gray, the scarcest type, goes for as much as $60 an ounce. Prices have risen more than 100 percent within the past year.

Women say wigs have emancipated them from tedium. You just drop the wig off in the morning at the hair dresser's for a styling and pick it up in the afternoon, ready to go. Some women now feel free to engage in athletics with gusto, knowing that "instant beauty" lies at home in a wig box. Chic mothers present teenage daughters with wigs. Contest winners receive wigs as prizes; poodles have been seen in wigs, and men are being pushed by their high-fashion wives into the purchase of toupees.

Perhaps the most severe test of the wig market occurred last year when the bouffant styles made so popular by Mrs. Kennedy suddenly were challenged by the "Marienbad" look. Wig makers crossed their fingers and complained about that "Marienbad tomato," but the crisis passed. Now the wig is so much a part of the modern woman's existence that it is getting to be a bit of a drag, and members of the Jet Set, where wigs first caught on, are beginning to wear wigs that look like wigs, as an act of one-upsmanship.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

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WASHINGTON MAY BE MISJUDGING THE SITUATION IN ALGERIA

Ben Bella and Castro

Paris

Toward morning's end on Friday, September 20, in Washington, D. C., newspapermen assigned to cover the White House observed William Porter, US Ambassador to Algeria, leaving President Kennedy's offices. Mr. Porter, who is one of the most knowledgeable American specialists in North African affairs, had been closeted with the President for over an hour; his expression, upon emerging from the session, was said to be solemn.

Two hours later, several New York newspapers received inside information from their Washington correspondents, according to which the Algerian situation was proving extremely difficult for the West: Ahmed Ben Bella was preparing to come to New York on October 7; he was planning to make his headquarters in Harlem and issue an ill-timed appeal to the American public on behalf of the Negroes. On November 1, the anniversary of the Algerian insurrection, Fidel Castro would be in Algeria, and in his honor Ben Bella would proclaim the alignment of Algeria with Castro on the Cuban question. As a result, it would be impossible for President Kennedy to receive Ben Bella as had originally been envisaged.

However, journalistic investigations in Algeria turned up no reliable information, either in confirmation or refutation of these speculations. It is not even possible to know now whether Ambassador Porter, who enjoys excellent relations with President Ben Bella, was concerned because of the report he made to Mr. Kennedy, or whether his concern stemmed from Kennedy's having transmitted information to him – information which came from some other source, explaining the obstacles in the way of an official meeting between the Presidents of the two countries.

President Ben Bella himself has told the Algerian people on several occasions that spectacular decisions will be made before year's end to launch Algeria irrevocably along the path of socialism. It is also true that Fidel Castro, having been forced to decline the Algerian Republic's invitation last July ("Che" Guevara represented him instead), now proposes to visit Algeria; and it is also possible that Ben Bella, together with Khrushchev, will pay Castro a return visit on the occasion of the Cuban Revolution celebration on January 1, 1964.

It is also true that Algeria today is often reminiscent of Havana. Like Fidel, Ben Bella spends much more time on the road than in his office; he listens more than he reads or reflects. He spends more time with visitors than with books and newspapers. A week ago, when the last foreign newspapers were nationalized in Algeria and the big hotels were taken over, foreign observers all declared: "It's Cuba all over again!" All Ben Bella's speeches are filled with such expressions as "making the bourgeois disgorge their holdings," "destroying the owner groups," ferreting out the speculators "among the Algerian petit bourgeoisie who have been encouraged by foreign imperialists," etc. Ben Bella sees himself as a man of the people, a peasant, a militant. He is doing everything he can to make the most disinherited *fellah* in the most backward parts of the country realize that he has a personal protagonist in the President of Algeria.

Finally, the prediction of momentous events to come is further nourished by reports on the political coloration of numerous foreign technicians and leaders to whom the Algerian government has turned for coopération. A report was recently published by the *London Sunday Times* stating that Algeria's political development is being shaken by European Trotskyite collaborators of Ben Bella's and these men, directly attached to the president of the Algerian republic, include a Greek, a Frenchman, an Egyptian, and an Algerian who are well known to all the present diplomatic corps in Algeria. There is nothing clandestine about this coterie, and they all admit freely that during their youth they participated in the theoretical aspects of the doctrinal debate which brought about the schism between Trotsky and Stalin. Rumor attributes to these men the intention of making of Algeria in Africa what Fidel has made of Cuba in Latin America: a source of chronic agitation.

Before analyzing this thesis, I cannot refrain from quoting the remark of an Arabian public figure who visited Washington and who, as will be seen from the following statement, has the courage of his convictions. He told me in Cairo: "The Americans are just as stupid when they get excited over Cuba as we Arabs when we get excited over Israel." For even if the thesis (advanced in the last issue of *Newsweek* which calls Ben Bella "an African Castro") were justified, it remains very much a matter of speculation as to just what significance Castroism can have in the Arab Mediterranean world. Can anyone seriously imagine Ben Bella breaking with the Americans when he has no real conflict of interest with

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them? Is it conceivable that he has failed to learn from the Cuban experience, and that without any pressing need to do so he is about to proclaim his loyalty to Marxism-Leninism at this juncture, when on the one hand the revolutionary element of the uncommitted world is being split by the Sino-Soviet rivalry, and on the other hand the Arab Middle East, where Ben Bella has not yet given up his aspirations to leadership, has come out flatly for Arab socialism but against "atheistic Marxism"? Can one forget that the Algerian Republic, for all that it claims to be "democratic and popular," has nevertheless just proclaimed in its constitution that the official and national religion of the Algerian State is Islam?

Castroism in Algeria? What would be meant by this? If the expression refers to collectivism, one-party rule, administration by committee, government-owned farms, disappearance of middle-class institutions and structure, a planned economy, the destruction of free enterprise and even assistance to neighboring proletarian uprisings, then of course one can say there is Castroism in Algeria. But true Castroism, at least from the viewpoint which interests the United States, doesn't refer to this sort of thing.

The kind of Castroism which the United States would regard as ominous is a policy of abandoning a neutral foreign policy in favor of pure and simple alignment with the Soviet Union. Although there is nothing so dangerous for a journalist as to make predictions, I still say that it is hard to conceive of President Ben Bella taking such useless risks, and risks which are also contrary to his temperament. We must never forget, moreover, that so far the Russians and the Chinese have *never* been successful in Africa. The only Soviet success which ever occurred there was in Egypt, and it was maneuvered by one of Ben Bella's own preceptors, Nasser, simply because the latter used the Russians to get the United States back on his side.

Does Ahmed Ben Bella govern "by microphone"? If so, this is typical in all the Arab countries. Does he mingle with the people and with the peasants? He has every right to, since he is of much more authentic peasant origin than Fidel Castro. Does he surround himself with Trotskyite collaborators? Yes – but he delegates the power to traditionalist Moslems. Does he seek to bring to Harlem "the greetings of the Algerian revolution"? True enough. But why has he just taken pains to proclaim over French television that he admires and pays homage to the "courageous integrationist policy" of President Kennedy and his Administration?

In reality, this whole thesis boils down to two points. On the one hand, the Algerian revolution does not resemble those which have already taken place in the other underdeveloped countries, and this revolution envisages carrying out a collectivist experiment to the very end; secondly, Ben Bella has promised to proclaim certain irrevocable measures. What does he plan to announce in Algeria on November 1, perhaps in the presence of Fidel Castro? We can only hazard a guess. But one of these conjectures is already on everyone's lips: the nationalization of the Sahara oil resources.

We should point out first of all that such a move would be a gesture of Nasserism rather than Castroism; or at least just as much Nasserism as Castroism. Next, we should note that this can only embarrass the French, not at all the Anglo-Saxons or the West – and at this particular moment this is a very significant distinction. But here we must pause and ask why Ben Bella could conceivably want to break with the only capitalist power in the world (France) which is unreservedly contributing to the success of his socialist revolution. From the strictly rational viewpoint of self-interest, Algeria can only be the loser in such a rupture. A well-known economist from the Soviet bloc who was invited to visit Algeria to take part in a conference on economic planning stated, upon his return: "This is one of the most difficult countries for the Eastern bloc to aid. It produces wine which no one wants and petroleum which costs too much to transport. Its only hope lies in France's willingness to absorb both products." This is so obvious to all economic experts, be they "revolutionary" or bourgeois," that no one would go to the trouble of pointing it out if the problem were exclusively on an economic plane.

However, there is also another plane: the emotional one. Last July I had some very lengthy talks with "Che" Guevara in Algeria. When, citing the Algerians as an example, I pointed out to him that France and Algeria were a living proof of coexistence and even cooperation between socialism and capitalism, the Cuban minister replied with a shrug of his shoulders: "This is an illusion springing from the fact that the only thing which interests de Gaulle is petroleum. As soon as the oil is threatened, you'll see. And it will have to be threatened because as long as the French are in the Sahara, and

COMING: *Should we have more trade with "The Enemy" by Charles Cooper*

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as long as France is Algeria's only customer, the Algerian revolution will be in chains." To this I answered that pending a diversification of markets and a resulting diversification of production, Algeria must live; and that neo-colonialism is felt to the extent that it is dictated by the terms of the capitalist customer; in this case, however, not only was France not setting any terms, but she was continuing to lend aid to Algeria which no country – especially no country of the East – was willing to grant. Guevara maintained his viewpoint: Algeria's true independence implies Algerian administration of Algeria's principal natural wealth.

Many young Algerians upheld the same viewpoint to me, although couched in more prudent language and not underestimating the consequences of a break with France. They concluded that for the time being it was necessary to settle for partial independence. Several weeks later the Algerian newspapers published a report to the effect that several oil survey companies – one of which was Italian – had been invited to carry out exploratory surveys in the Sahara on behalf of the Algerian government. In short, it is certain beyond a shadow of doubt that the day will come when the Algerians will challenge the clause in the Evian agreements concerning Franco-Algerian exploitation of the Sahara sub-soil. This day will come. But when? To bring up such an issue this November 1 would, in the opinion of many responsible persons, be a blunder of the first magnitude.

There are those who contend, to be sure, that Ben Bella is practically forced to take that famous "leap forward" which is apparently implicit in all revolutions during their beginning stages. It is also contended that, like Nasser, Ben Bella has been successively discouraged by the lukewarmness and indifference, first of the Russians, then of the Americans; and that he has dreams of provoking his own "Suez" to bring the great rival powers over to his side. It was with great difficulty that he obtained financial aid from the USSR – by no means negligible ($50 million), but which he was subsequently informed was repayable in 12 years at an interest rate of 2.5 percent per year! All this, however, is not enough to make plausible a sudden decision which would, among other consequences, have the effect of jeopardizing the status of the 500,000 Algerians now working in France.

These are all very serious matters. But what is difficult to understand – from a distance, at any rate – is why the United States would treat Ben Bella differently from Nasser. It is a fact, regrettable or otherwise, that Ben Bella was quite literally elected by popular acclaim and has uncontested authority in his country. It is also a fact that if difficulties at home become too acute, a compensatory gesture abroad may be necessary, and such a gesture might well be an ill-advised one. And speaking of Castro and Nasser, instead of admonishing Ben Bella to stop and think about their experiences, perhaps we should start by asking whether Washington has learned all it could from these experiences. Ben Castro? A misnomer. Better, perhaps, a sort of combined Ben Nasser and Ben Tito.

JEAN DANIEL

FOREIGN REPORTS

IRAN: *The Shah's Revolution*

★ The latest gift from the Shah to his 21 million subjects, most of whom are destitute farmers, was an election on September 17, for the purpose of creating a new parliament. (The Shah turned the last one out in 1961, after a rigged election.) An election is one of his promised reforms and for the first time women were given the right to vote. The only party to put up candidates this year was the government-sponsored National Union, and the credentials of these candidates had been carefully inspected beforehand. The main opposition party, the left-wing National Front remained out of the campaign partly because its leaders were in jail, partly because the party said the Shah refused it permission to hold public meetings in Tehran. The other source of opposition, the religious leaders, appeared to have little affect in their efforts to keep women from going to the polls. They are against women's suffrage and land redistribution, two of the Shah's major policies.

Many of the people who filled out their ballots volunteered they were voting for government candidates because they were "honorable people." One man said his ballot was completed for him at the government public works project where he is employed. Lists of government candidates were plastered up around the voting stations where the polling was conducted in the open, and it is a little difficult to see how an independent candidate could make much of a showing.

The Shah is enthusiastic about the new Parliament. It will contain a few women, some farmers, a handful of workers – in short, the makings of a representative and democratic government writ in extremely small handwriting, for the Shah maintains the right to dissolve this parliament too, whenever he wishes.

PANAMA: *The Hungry Mistress*

★ Ever since the Canal was opened in 1914 Panama has sought unsuccessfully for control over the Canal Zone

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as a means of sharing in its wealth. As the US has not the least intention of abandoning it, the arguments over Panama's sovereignty along the Canal have become a bit jaded, and apparently cease to amuse even the Panamanians who now talk of their new role as an "expensive mistress to the US."

There is good reason for Panama to be sore. The country was created in 1903 as an excuse by the US to get control of the Canal properties. It is now a land of 1,040,000 people with an unemployment rate of 12 percent. Only 8,000 Panamanians work within the Canal Zone, and the US pays the country a little under $2 million annually for use of the Canal territories where it grosses nearly $100 million a year in the operation of the Canal. The Canal has an annual net income of $5 million.

The Canal is not only an exceedingly minor benefit to the Panama, but in recent years has put a severe drain on its natural resources. Each year the US removes from the rivers of Panama 1.3 trillion gallons of fresh water to run the Canal. The drain is such that Panama is beginning to experience severe droughts affecting cattle herds and agricultural production. The US does not pay for the water, nor is it entitled to it under the Canal Treaty. If Panama were to charge perhaps five cents per thousand gallons – a relatively low rate – its treasury would be increased by several million dollars annually.

EUROPE: *Socialists on the Move*

★ The recently concluded Eighth Meeting of the Socialist International in Amsterdam is the most important since its organization in 1951 – the year when the Labour Party lost power in Britain and the postwar swing to the Left throughout Western Europe came to an end. Since then the various Socialist parties have been painfully adjusting themselves to a more hostile political climate and in particular to the fundamental social changes resulting from affluent welfare states which they themselves had helped to create. They never succeeded in achieving common Socialist policies on the major external problems. For several years the German Social-Democrats were isolated in opposing German membership of NATO. Then for a time the French Socialists were alone in opposing the search for some form of disengagement between the Communist and Western armies in Central Europe. Finally the British Labour Party found itself almost alone in opposing Britain's entry into the Common Market.

In the last 12 months – with the temporary exception of Norway – there has once again been a swing to the Left throughout Western Europe. The Labour Party seems almost certain of winning a huge majority in the British General Election next year and the Social-Democratic Party has a fair chance of emerging a year later as the largest single party in Western Germany and dominant member of a coalition government in Bonn. Socialism now has a second chance to unite as the decisive force in European politics.

The key to success lies in intimate cooperation between the British and German parties. Fortunately President de Gaulle has made the task much easier. By breaking off the Brussels negotiations in January he removed the Common Market from the agenda so long as he rules France. By the time he goes, the balance of power and policy inside the Common Market is likely to be very different from what it was a year ago and Britain's relationship with it may be much easier to negotiate. Moreover, by acting as a focus for anti-American chauvinism throughout the Continent he has consolidated the German Left behind the broad lines of American policy in the Atlantic Community.

Nevertheless, nationalistic rumblings in Germany after the test-ban agreement combined with a pathological anti-German feeling in some sections of British opinion looked like threatening the unity of the Labour Party and the SPD leaders of both parties took special pains to forestall trouble. Harold Wilson spent several days at the Social-Democratic Congress in Hamburg and paid a visit to Berlin during which he invited Willy Brandt to make a major speech at the Labour Party Conference in a few weeks time. The positions of the two parties are now well-nigh identical on all major issues of foreign policy. The Labour Party stands foursquare by the Social-Democratic position on Berlin while the SPD has once more taken up the theme of arms control in Central Europe as a possible first step towards disengagement and German reunification. It looks, too, as if a common position has been reached on the control of nuclear weapons inside NATO – an issue on which proposals by the United States for a multilateral nuclear force at one time risked dividing the two parties.

ARAB ASIA: *Union of the Ba'ath*

★ Whatever the original chance of union between Egypt and the Arab states of Syria and Iraq, it has now disappeared. Instead, the Ba'athist regimes of the latter appear certain to announce shortly their own union. Those who advocated moderation towards Nasser have been thoroughly beaten down, and there is feeling that Iraq and Syria must unite into a strong socialist state and be prepared to carry war into Nasser's territory if need be. The Ba'ath has urged Egyptians to "break their chains to meet the other Arab revolutionary forces."

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EDUCATION

Why Go to School?

In 1900, 6.4 percent of American 17-year-olds graduated from high school, and perhaps another 10 or 15 percent would have graduated if they could have afforded it. This was *not* prestige-schooling, for only one in 400 went to college. Now who, in 1900, were the other 93.6 percent? They were not called dropouts; they went on to every career, from shopkeeper, mechanic and farmer to big entrepreneur, author, politician, and including engineer, architect, and even lawyer. My guess is that those who stayed in school, or would have stayed, were approximately Dr. Conant's 15 percent of the "academically talented." Obviously with such students there would be no problem of blackboard jungles. The curriculum that they were taught was conservative but it could experimentally evolve; it was culturally valuable in itself and also tended toward college entrance, hopefully for more and more students, as society could progressively afford it.

In 1960, however, 60 percent of American youngsters were graduating from high school; and the others were now "dropouts." What occurred during this expansion? We merely, as usual, took an existing framework and aggrandized, standardized and bureaucratized it.

By and large, until, say, 1945, the expansion was fairly harmless. The underlying motives were noble, benevolent, or at worst foolish: a democratic ideal, the need to occupy the young increasingly excluded from the labor market, the quest for prestige. Certainly the affluent society could afford keeping the kids in school. The academic types were probably not much hurt – smart kids can adjust to anything, except being debauched by base rewards. And so long as the attitude was easy-going, the others did not suffer more than boredom. Unfortunately, however, there came to be established the misconception that being in school was the only appropriate way of being educated.

Academic talent, the ability to profit by going to school, is a special disposition, neither better nor worse than any other. It does require good intelligence; yet high intelligence, grace and inventiveness need not be academic at all. A school is fundamentally a box with seats facing front. (Visiting the schools as a member of a local board in New York, I found that the desks were no longer bolted to the floor, but they were still nicely lined up as of yore.) School implies studying and a long attention span, and it demands a verbal and book-loving disposition. "Curriculum" is, in principle, a set of abstractions from actual industries, arts, professions and civic activities, and these abstractions are brought into the school-box and taught. A good academic can, without altogether losing spirit, spend years working on such abstractions, which are of course fascinating in themselves if well organized and well analyzed. Yet for the majority of adolescents academic routine is time-wasting, unreal, dispiriting, desexualizing and destructive of initiative; and it is resisted by the usual devices of sabotage, by "sub-culture" and – on the part of the highly intelligent – by "underachievement," for they do not want to "achieve" in this way.

Suddenly in the past decade, however, there has begun a fantastic overestimation and bribery of the scholarly disposition, which has snowballed since Sputnik. It is a moral, emotional and intellectual disaster. Instead of the previous easy-going pace – with "enrichment" – that was generally tolerable though rather stupid, there is strict grading, unscholarly speed-up, fierce competitiveness. The majority are entirely sacrificed for "education"; all must go to school – or drop out of the economy.

The damage is universal. Intelligent youngsters, whether bookish or non-bookish, can of course perform, but for the non-bookish the performance is a second-best activity and the achievement is fraudulent. The slower are tormented and humiliated. But in my opinion, the authentically scholarly are even more injured; the competition, the speed-up and the rewards create false values and destroy the meaning of their gifts. The studies are no longer presented as though they were intrinsically valuable. Bright youngsters "do" Bronx Science in order to "make" Harvard; but of course they also "do" Harvard. In fact, the motivation of society is narrow and anti-intellectual; it is to give, at public expense and eventually at the parents' expense, apprentice-training for the corporations and the armed forces. President Kennedy, in his 1963 message on education, explained to us the motivation to explore the unknown: it is "for economic, military, medical and other reasons"! (A professor of astronomy at Yale complained to me that, though his students included many excellent mathematicians who had "mastered" the subject, not one of them would be a good astronomer. How was that? "They don't love the stars," he said.)

Even if the speed-up, etc., were the social need, it is unnecessary. Given a decent atmosphere, the academically disposed will perform anyway, without the grading and competition. The creative, whether in the arts, sciences or professions, do not especially thrive by formal schooling; for some it is useful, for some it is harmless, for some it is hurtful. Hopefully, an increasingly automated industry will require fewer, not more, second-rate-academic clerical and technical performers. The majority are being cruelly miseducated and hoaxed;

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they will not get jobs relevant to what they have been put through. Dropouts are cajoled by the promise of future rewards; but what if these amount, finally, to an increment of $5 a week – is it worth the torture? Would a kid not be wiser to choose the streets, if only they would stop making him feel worthless?

As things are set up, of course, there is no alternative, there is no future for those without the school diploma. The urban poor must fight for better schools which will not fit most of them; rural youth must go to central high schools which are a waste of time for most of them, while they lose what competence and culture they have, that might have been developed into something useful; middle-class youth must compete and be tested to death to get into colleges where most of them will only cynically or doggedly serve time. The entire effort of serious educators ought to be to explore and invent other ways of educating than these schools, to suit the varieties of talent and to meet the needs of a peaceful future society where there will be emphasis on public goods rather than private gadgets, where there will be increasingly more employment in human services rather than mass-production, a community-centered leisure, an authentic rather than a mass-culture, and a citizenry with initiative rather than one increasingly bureaucratized and brainwashed.

The most plausible expedient for expanding education is to create enterprises that fulfill social necessities and can also be educational opportunities for youngsters. These would provide alternative choices instead of further schooling, and we could spend on them some of the money now misused for schools. (It costs $750 a year to keep a youngster in a New York high school.) There are plenty of educative opportunities: improving 50,000 ugly small towns; youth work camps in conservation and urban renewal; countervailing mass-communications with hundreds of little theaters, little radio, local paper; technical apprenticeships *within* the industries, paid by public and corporation, with the aim of making workmen who understand what they are doing and can be inventive; subsidizing small farms, to make them economically feasible and reverse the rural ratio to something nearer 30 percent, instead of the present absurd 8 percent; community service like Friends Service and Peace Corps. In such concrete activities, directly useful in society, millions of youth could find educational opportunity more tailored to their needs. Are they less cultural than the average classroom for the non-bookish kid?

Probably even more important educationally, adolescents could then try out, instead of being stuck on the present inexorable 12- to 16-year ladder of lessons and recitation (really a fantastic situation). Many "late-bloomers" might then choose to return to more formal academic study, their spirits not having been permanently blighted by schooling that was inappropriate to them and that they went through unwillingly. (The advantage of this was evident among many on the GI-bill between 1945 and 1950.) For many others, who have chosen work-camps, farms or paid apprenticeships, but who then want a more liberal experience, we could copy the Danish Folk Schools designed for ages 18 to 25.

To sum up: all should be educated and at the public expense, but the idea that most should be educated in something like schools is a delusion and often a cruel hoax. Our present way is wasteful of wealth and human resources and destructive of young spirit. The better way is to expand social needs that are also opportunities for education appropriate to different dispositions. Of course what I am here proposing involves a radical change in our present false standards of prestige, status and salary; it would be opposed by government, corporations, labor unions, and even the present urban poor who would consider themselves downgraded. It would certainly deflate the education business and require very different educators.

Paul Goodman

The Kids in Prince Edward

Some 1,500 Negro children in Prince Edward County, Virginia, have begun studying at the first real schools more than half of them have known since 1959, when their county shut down its public education system rather than admit Negroes to its white high school. They are enrolled in the Prince Edward Free Schools, devised by Special Assistant to the Attorney-General William Vanden Heuvel, an agent of Robert F. Kennedy, and under a Board of Trustees headed by Colgate Darden, a former Governor of Virginia and thus a former collaborator of Harry F. Byrd's. Their system's budget is $1 million, three-quarters of it yet to be raised from private funds; that would be $750 per year for each child, three times the pupil expenditure rate of the old Prince Edward school board. Neil Sullivan, their superintendent, is on a year's leave from the same office in the East Williston, Long Island, school system; his staff includes a former supervisor of elementary education in Norfolk, the former principal of a Richmond school and an administrator on leave from a Maine high school.

These children, after four years with no school for Negroes in Prince Edward County at all, have entered a system finer than anything that could have been imagined by rural Virginia. Even so, white Prince Ed-

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ward stands faithful to the private schools its citizens set up to replace the outlawed public system. The new Prince Edward Free Schools opened with 1,500 Negro pupils and four whites, the barest token to fulfill its pledge that it would be integrated, and with $250,000 in its treasury, a quarter of the budget. Vanden Heuvel hopes to raise $600,000 from the foundations and $150,000 from corporations. The foundations have been unenthusiastic, feeling that it is not their job to operate school systems. A prevailing professional whimsy is that the Rockefeller Brothers stand ready to match any grant to Prince Edward the Kennedy Foundation offers. Vanden Heuvel comes to the Great Philanthropists after persuading orthodox Virginians not just to accept but to support what is after all an integrated, though private, school, and he is blithely confident that the foundations will surprise themselves with their profligacy. If they do not, he will go out and try to raise his $600,000 through subscription. When the Administration of the most powerful nation under the eye of God recognizes the need to ransom Castro's prisoners or to rescue Virginia's colored children, the Department of Justice goes forth to beg on street corners.

But these are small points. The bottom question is whether this school experiment will help or hurt the life of the poor Negro in the South. I confess I raise that question only as an excuse for certain personal speculations. They arise from the feeling that there must be something wrong with the Prince Edward County Free School system if it is acceptable to Colgate Darden and so many other not-conspicuously reconstructed Virginians. It does not seem to me a mark of special virtue for Virginians to accept a project which, at no cost to Virginia, promises to lift from it the dreadful embarrassment of keeping so many of its children uneducated.

The Prince Edward School suit is 12 years old; it has outlasted the graduation of two sets of plaintiffs who were school children when they entered and are now adults. Davis *et al* were the first plaintiffs and they began with a pupil's strike, not for integration, but against the deplorable condition of the Negro high school. The school board of Prince Edward County would not talk to Davis *et al;* they then turned to an NAACP lawyer who convinced them that their schools would never be better so long as they were segregated. Then, in 1951, they filed an integration suit, and during its pendency, the local school board spent $293,000 for the new Negro high school. They won their case when the Supreme Court in 1954 outlawed segregation in public schools. But it took five years more of litigation to achieve a direct and final court of appeals order to integrate the Prince Edward schools.

Virginia meanwhile had passed a law to close any public school under a court order to admit Negroes and had projected a substitute private education plan to be sustained by state grants of $265 to the parents of each student in a private high school. When the Court in 1959 ordered Prince Edward to begin accepting Negro high school applicants, the county board closed the public schools and cut the county budget 75 percent; white Prince Edward organized the private Prince Edward Academy to teach its children, financed by state tuition grants and donations by citizens of the taxes they had saved on the county budget cut. It was staffed with teachers in the old system.

The Rev. L. Francis Griffin was an NAACP leader in Prince Edward County when the old case began; he has been its president almost ever since.

"I got in a lot of trouble around here when they closed the schools in 1959," he remembers. "Because I said that, with the kind of schools they were giving us, we'd be just as well off with them closed."

After the public schools were shut down, the case went on at its accustomed crawl. In April, 1960, the Circuit Court ordered Prince Edward's non-existent school board to abstain from all acts of discrimination, and by the fall of 1960, Griffin *et al* were back petitioning the federal courts to declare that Prince Edward County had a duty under the Fourteenth Amendment and the Virginia State Constitution to operate a system of public schools. The Circuit Court finally heard arguments in January of 1963, and in August Judge Haynsworth decided to send it over to the Virginia Supreme Court for a ruling on whether the state constitution requires a county to maintain a public school system. The assumption is that the matter will be decided in time for Prince Edward to reopen its public schools in the fall of 1964 and that Vanden Heuvel's Prince Edward Free Schools will then close down and go away.

Thus this old case will end at last as a formal victory for the concept of equal and open education; its latest plaintiffs will go back to a school substantially as segregated as the one its predecessors rose against. Once the suit is settled, the parents of the children of the white private school will be free to request the state tuition grant, which is enough to maintain Prince Edward Academy for every white child in the county. The reopened public school will be in theory open to all children, and in practice all its pupils will be Negro.

"You know what I wish," Griffin says, "I wish this school would stay here and the whites could just look at us from their school and see what we got and I bet you'd see a lot of them come over. All right, we aren't quite as integrated as we'd like to be, but we are integrated and we've got an integrated staff and the parents have got a word to say about how it's run." And, it is he says, the best school Prince Edward County could ever have in his life time.

Murray Kempton

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Banning Bombs in Orbit

Can the US and the USSR Get Together?

by Raymond D. Senter

The President's suggestion that we and the Russians join forces to make moon-shooting an international venture has obscured another development in "space relations" which could be vastly more important, namely, the statement by Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko at the tag end of his opening speech before the UN on September 19: "Being willing now to take steps in order to prevent the spread of the armaments race to outer space . . . the Soviet Government deems it necessary to reach agreement with the US Government to ban the placing into orbit of objects with nuclear weapons aboard."

This offer is a belated response to a trial balloon lofted more than a year earlier by the Kennedy Administration in an otherwise routine speech by Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric in South Bend, Indiana, on September 5, 1962. "The US believes," Gilpatric said, "that it is highly desirable for its own security and for the security of the world that the arms race should not be extended into outer space, and we are seeking in every feasible way to achieve that purpose. Today there is no doubt that either the US or the Soviet Union could place thermonuclear weapons in orbit, but such action is just not a rational military strategy for either side for the foreseeable future."

One week later in Houston, President Kennedy said: "We have vowed that we shall not see space filled with weapons of mass destruction, but with instruments of knowledge and understanding." Lest this be misunderstood by the Russians or by critics at home, the President added the following qualification: "I do not say that we should or will go unprotected against hostile misuse of space, any more than we go unprotected against the hostile use of land or sea. But I do say that space can be explored and mastered without feeding the fires of war, without repeating the mistakes that man has made in extending his writ around this globe of ours." The President thereby was excluding any ban on defensive-type satellites which the US already had under development: the Samos reconnaisance satellite, the Midas satellite intended to warn of ICBM attack, and others providing communications, navigation and geodetic services.

Now the idea of banning bombs in orbit was not and is not based on sentiment. Defense Department analyses have shown that compared to the ICBMs which we and the Russians already have, bombardment satellites are limited to far smaller warheads, are inherently far less accurate and far more costly. Furthermore, orbital weapons necessarily sacrifice the element of surprise which make ICBMs invulnerable, making it easier to devise defensive counter-weapons.

The Administration has been convinced that similar studies by Soviet experts must necessarily lead them to the same conclusion, thus permitting an agreement to leave space a "demilitarized" zone, similar to the one agreed upon for the Antarctic, which the Soviet Union has respected.

At the time Gilpatric spoke, a year ago, there was concern within the Administration over Air Force-inspired stories suggesting that the US was developing orbital bombers or might soon do so. These stories had not gone unnoticed by Soviet military authorities. In his South Bend speech, Gilpatric thus sought both to deflate Air Force ambitions to turn space into a military arena and Soviet fears that we planned to do so. "We have no program to place any weapons of mass destruction into orbit," he said. "An arms race in space will not contribute to our security."

But the Air Force's propaganda campaign had too much momentum to be stilled. The October 8, 1962, issue of *Newsweek* magazine featured a story on military aspects of space which quoted "a senior Air Force officer" as declaring: "We cannot rule out the possibility that Russia can orbit satellites with 100 megaton hydrogen bombs over our heads. We can't take chances. The sooner we get manned space stations operated by military men, the better off we will be." (If this senior officer had checked with his intelligence and technical experts he would have known that the Soviets do not have a rocket booster large enough to lob a 100 megaton at the US in a missile trajectory, let alone to put a warhead weighing 50 tons into orbit.) Within weeks, however, larger events intervened in the form of the Cuban crisis. Obviously it was ridiculous to try to drum up public fears that the Soviets might some day place a nuclear weapon in orbit, when more than 40 nuclear-tipped missiles were nearly poised only 90 miles off our

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shores, on terra firma. These same events foreclosed any early favorable response by the Soviets to the Administration's suggestions of the previous month.

The deep suspicion of Soviet duplicity generated by their Cuban adventure made it easy for the Air Force to shift its campaign for manned military space stations to the halls of Congress. At one point during the Defense Department fiscal 1964 budget hearings which got underway early in 1963, Congressman Albert Thomas of Texas indignantly complained to Secretary McNamara about Air Force officers "walking in the halls of the House and Senate . . . in violation of the statutes" to drum up support for an enlarged military space effort beyond the $1,670 million which the Administration was seeking for such purposes. But there were other lawmakers who were becoming increasingly worried that the Administration was neglecting the military implications of space, though the then Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral George Anderson, was saying that bombardment satellites are "the expensive way of putting a weapon on target. We can put a weapon [ICBM] on target almost any place in the world today without putting it in orbit and we could probably put it on target faster than . . . from orbit"; and Lt. Gen. James Ferguson, USAF Deputy Chief of Staff for Research and Development, expressed the opinion that space-based nuclear weapons were "irrational simply because the accuracy that can be obtained at this stage in our knowledge would not give you sufficient accuracy to really be very effective."

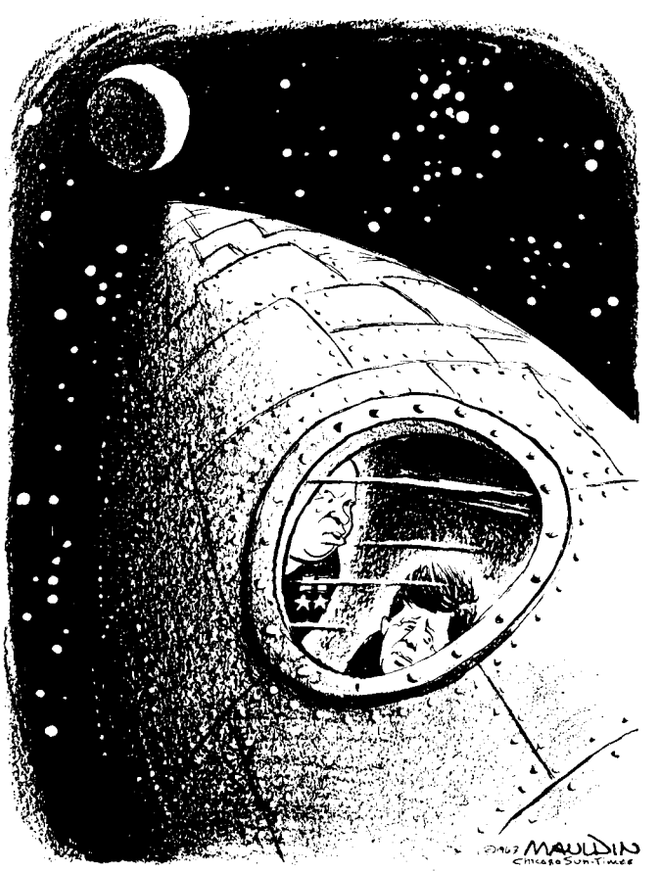
The propaganda campaign for bombs in orbit began to be echoed elsewhere. In a new book on Soviet military strategy, a collective work by a group of Russian military experts, edited by Marshal V. D. Sokolovskii, could be found such statements as: "All this [citing US military satellite programs] shows that the American imperialists intend to make direct use of space to carry out their aggressive plans against the socialist countries. . . . They plan to use space . . . [for] a surprise nuclear attack on the Soviet Union and other socialist countries. Consequently, Soviet military strategy acknowledges the need to study the use of space and space vehicles to reinforce the defense of the socialist countries."

That warning was only a slightly reworded version of what the US public was being told. On April 10, 1962, General Bernard A. Schriever, chief of Air Force Systems Command in a speech delivered at Mississippi State University had said: "If the Soviets should attain a significant breakthrough in space technology they could achieve two decisive military capabilities. They could develop space-borne weapon systems that could attack targets in the Free World. And they could deny other nations access to space – even for purposes of scientific research. Soviet achievement of either of these capabilities would pose a grave threat to our national security."

The Air Force's campaign reached crescendo proportions only a month before Mr. Gromyko's latest overture at the United Nations, using opposite poles of the literary spectrum – *The Atlantic Monthly* and the *Reader's Digest*.

The *Atlantic* article, entitled "The Military Danger," was authored by Dr. Alton Frye, employed by the USAF's own "think factory," RAND Corporation, although this affiliation was not mentioned in the author's biography. Frye was thoughtful enough to send an advance copy of his *Atlantic* article to the editor of the Air Force Association's own publication, *Air Force and Space Digest*, weeks before it appeared in *Atlantic*, allowing this Air Force mouthpiece to give the article a strong endorsement in its own August issue, which also quoted extensively from the *Atlantic* article. It was touted again in the September issue of *Air Force and Space Digest*.

Dr. Frye concluded that "by voluntarily and unilaterally foregoing precautionary development of space weapons, especially anti-satellite systems and bombardment satellites, we remove the major incentives for the Soviets to come to terms on an arms-control treaty for



"I was afraid something like this might happen if you kept talking about it."

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space." He suggested that the US should commit itself to develop orbital bombers if only to deter the Soviet from their deployment.

And in the *Reader's Digest*, in an article entitled "We're Running the Wrong Race With Russia," Francis Vivian Drake, the *Digest's* own military editor, warned that a few 100 megaton weapons exploded in orbit "could set fire to a large fraction of the continent." Dr. Eugene Fubini, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, punctured this fantasy by pointing out subsequently that to set fire to a frame house from an altitude of 150 miles, a satellite would have to carry a warhead of *2,000 megatons, weighing several hundred tons,* assuming optimum weather conditions for the aggressor. The largest payload the Soviets have yet placed in orbit weighed *less than 10 tons.*

President Kennedy, the day after Gromyko's speech, told the UN that, "we must continue to seek agreement, encouraged by yesterday's affirmative response to this proposal by the Soviet Foreign Minister on an arrangement to keep weapons of mass destruction out of outer space. Let us," he said, "get our negotiators back to the negotiating table to work out a practicable arrangement to this end."

Efforts to draft a workable arms control agreement in space will not be easy. Its opponents will insist upon on-site inspection of payloads placed in orbit. Because much of the rocket booster and guidance system technology used for space is identical or similar to that used for military ICBMs, neither the US nor the USSR is likely to welcome this proviso.

On the other hand, on-site inspection may not be necessary. Both the US and USSR have elaborate radar tracking networks which enable them to keep an accurate inventory of all satellites in orbit. So long as each country knows the other has an inventory of at least several hundred ICBMs poised against its own vitals, the presence of one, two or a handful of nuclear warheads in orbit in secert violation of a space arms control agreement does not increase the total threat to the other nation by more than infinitesimal proportions; and any large-scale build-up in the inventory of satellites launched by the US or USSR would be instantly detected by the radar tracking network of the other, quickly arousing its suspicions. The violator would then risk the possibility that the other might decide to launch a pre-emptive first-strike with its full ICBM force, giving it an advantage that far outweighs any gain to the violator from his orbital weapons. Today the US launches fewer than 100 satellites per year and the Soviets place only a small fraction of this number in orbit. Thus any build-up of military consequence would be easily detected. Additionally, each nation might agree to advise the UN of intended launches prior to the fact, rather than afterwards.

Initially the negotiations are likely to involve primarily the US and USSR, but the entire world has a stake in their outcome. The frequent failures of both US and USSR satellite payloads brings home the ever-present possibility that failure of a tiny transistor in an orbiting thermonuclear warhead could bring it down unexpectedly with great destruction on the hapless nation in its path, perhaps even the country that placed it in orbit.

Where today the thermonuclear tipped ICBMs of the US and USSR are aimed only at the other's targets, with warheads in orbit practically the whole earth would be exposed many times each day to the threat of accidental detonation or re-entry. This is a threat which the uncommitted nations of the world should not be expected to accept with equanimity.

Racism in Africa

by Russell Howe

The concept of colored peoples being lesser breeds outside the law has largely died. What has remained in the white psyche and grown considerably in the past few years, is the notion, not of the colored savage, but of the colored eternal-baby. What deep-seated longing this consigning of Africans to endless infancy answers in the mentality of the advanced, industrial, scientific civilizations may or may not be important: what is significant is the growing trend of spurious liberalism which excuses the shortcomings of colored nations under the paternalistic sophistry that their faults spring from a present or past white initiative.

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The new white attitude is essentially an overspill of the past. Between the derision of early travelers and the flam of the Africanophile the distinction is one of refinement. The African has gone from Mickey Mouse to Mighty Mouse, but not to Man. All blacks are still seen by most whites as being much the same: Félix Houphouet-Boigny and Chinua Achebe are tossed in the same sack with Dedan Kimathi and Patrice Lumumba. Yesterday, all Calibans were grotesque in their wretchedness; this was the so-called "colonial" attitude. Today they are grotesque in their finery; this is the liberal achievement. The liberal, like the colonial, does not admit the existence, in the African world, of Caesar and Caligula, or even John Doe; there is only one African – Caliban unchained.

Some of the insufficiencies and emotional anti-white attitudes of colored politicians in general, and African politicians in particular, spring from past humiliations. But we are deceiving ourselves if we do not accept the obvious: that much springs from an awareness of insufficiency, from a sort of self-hatred for which white people are in no sense to blame – unless they are to be blamed for existing, and for being more successful.

What white people can justifiably be blamed for is refusing to accord to colored nations, and particularly African nations, full responsibility for their own failures and shortcomings. The very concept of aid without strings, which springs from this notion that African nations can never be "held to account," is a conscious insult to the aided, presupposing an inability to share in mutual international duties.

The accommodation of colored peoples to being looked upon by the world's white power-caste as subhuman – the attitude of the classical Uncle Tom – has largely disappeared. Today one has to be wary of the new Uncle Tom – for instance, the African leader who, under the mask of nationalism, wishes to be seen as human but does not wish to be considered equal; he not only accommodates to, but seeks to promote the white belief that he is not entirely responsible for what he does.

Concomitant with this, inside African countries, one finds indigenous governments tolerating and encouraging "black" racism. This may vary in form, from the frankly Verwoerdian tone of Nkrumah's "Evening News" and "Spark" to more sophisticated subtleties – if racism can ever be subtle. When a European civil servant is criticized, in a legislature, on the grounds of his foreignness, and his minister does not defend him, no one may notice that this is racism, except of course the defenseless victim.

Only a few African countries have legislated in favor of racism as yet; this will surely come. Many more, however, have interpreted legislation along racial lines. Shortly after Ghana's independence, the Immigration Department leaked the news that 29 Europeans had applied for Ghanaian citizenship; this public-relations victory was soon lost when it was learned that only one, at a high financial price, had been naturalized. Those rejected included Nkrumah's then public-relations adviser, Jimmy Moxon.

Ghana is an extreme case, but what might generously be called "defensive racism" is evident in most African countries. Africans accept the legend of African inferiority, which antedates colonialism and appears in scores of traditional myths and religious beliefs. Even without arrogance, the colonials would inevitably have reinforced these myths, by exposing the peoples of Africa to those of European civilization.

The Gallicized African

The role of the brief colonial era in helping to fashion the 20th Century African psyche also deserves re-examination. Which colonial patterns helped best to preserve the Africans' own myths of African insufficiency? Portugal, France, Spain and to some extent Belgium practiced assimilation. This inferred that African culture was inferior, but also that Africans were capable of acquiring European culture. In English-speaking West Africa, the system of indirect rule, which, while not implying that African culture was "equal" implied that it was adequate, made assimilation unnecessary.

Among the assimilationists, there were variations. The Portuguese and particularly the Spanish welcomed the *assimilado* as one of them, except perhaps in the highest strata of society. The French and Belgian individual despised the *évolué*. The British doubted that Africans could ever become Englishmen, but were delighted when they did.

Today, the Portuguese and the Spanish take their *assimilados* for granted. Why shouldn't they be capable? – after all, they went to school. In the most Gallicized African, the Frenchman still sees the image of Caliban. French advisers in Africa have, broadly speaking, little but contempt for their ministers. Belgian advisers are similar, but worse, because they grovel and fawn before the people they despise. The British are so astonished that Africans can do anything that they interpret the capacity for assimilation as genius; British advisers talk of their ministers as though they were Pitt or Socrates. The Portuguese attitude would have been ideal, if it had been practiced on a large scale; on a small scale it has merely created quislings, and the broad African mass in Portuguese colonies is brutally, racially repressed. Spain alone has probably done as much as it could with its limited territories, and on reasonably healthy lines.

Comparing the major colonial powers, a few years ago, most anthropologists and liberals would have put

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Britain first; but as the tests of independence come, it now looks as though assimilation made more sense. Indirect rule encouraged self-deception. Assimilation was based on the realities of the modern world and on Africa's need to join it. Indirect rule, with its encouragement of Africans to "be themselves," has resulted in English-speaking Africans, plus a minority of non-English-speaking Africans who have tried and failed to be "assimilated," seeking a specifically African way of meeting the challenges of a modern world which Africa never made. The search for a synthesis, to which the name of Senghor is usually attached, is realistic; the English-African approach is sown with self-delusion. But since this doctrine stresses, or seems to stress, the need *not* to make an effort to change, it is excitingly attractive to the masses.

The English-African cannot be entirely blamed; his assimilation into the 20th Century was neglected. But given Africa's largely underdeveloped state, its attempts to overtake a world which is itself not standing still, and Africa's relative unimportance on this planet – 10 percent of its population – an African way of life is unlikely to be competitive, any more than an ancient British way of doing things was competitive with Rome or with Greece.

The search for an African way is essentially a racist urge. It presupposes a great deal of inconvenience over the decades to come, not least among which will be a continually aggressive attitude toward whites. Present experiences suggest this will be so: the schizophrenic speed with which members of the African élite can go from an attitude of apparent empathy with Western culture to one of almost snarling racism is a disturbing factor, much commoner now than in the days when there was more apparent reason for the syndrome.

"Political Lolitas of the Nuclear Age"

How long will this state of affairs continue? On the optimistic side, we live in an age when generations often stand in deep contrast to each other. On the other hand, black racism looks, historically, as durable as the white variety. Haiti has always been a racist state. Liberia has always forbidden citizenship to anyone who cannot prove a touch of African ancestry somewhere. Except in Senegal, which reserves 10 percent of its working-class housing accommodation for poor whites, no African country has suggested there were lifetime careers for whites within its borders. Some frank abuses of human rights could be dealt with through the United Nations, but the psychological problem would remain. Stateways do not change folkways. Though Africans, naturally, hate Verwoerd too, they understand him better than most white liberals do.

For what can only seem to be morbid psychological reasons, whole movements and publications exist in the white world to keep the African – and to a lesser extent the Asian – in this form of aggressive infancy. For many Americans, African presidents are the political Lolitas of the nuclear age. This pseudo-liberalism has two effects on the interaction of African and Euro-American society: it largely negates the use of aid as a means of winning political friends – the only purpose for which aid can be justified to the taxpayer – since it cultivates the notion that aid is a "white" obligation involving nothing in return; and it stimulates a situation in which Africa is becoming slowly unlivable for the small, catalystic white population on whom the continent's development, for practical reasons which require no explanation, largely depends. No benefactor is likely to accept for long to be treated as an intruder.

The local white man's reaction is all the stronger for knowing that other parts of the underdeveloped world are competing for his services. The indications are that, before long, to get really qualified people in Africa will cost at least twice the salaries being offered now.

In the measure that the West itself can still influence events, what seems to be needed is a new, more realistic, more genuinely egalitarian approach to underdeveloped man. What is needed is not charity but pragmatism. The cycle of civilizations points to this. Civilizations rise and, by becoming stationary, are overtaken. Rome, Athens and Egypt are no longer the main centers of enlightenment. At present, America, Russia and Western Europe are the advanced nations. All are white. They have a technical superiority over colored peoples. Some of these countries have a moral and humanitarian supremacy also. But white peoples are not a super-race. Backward peoples are equal in potential, in humanity, in rights, duties and obligations. Just as educated and uneducated criminals are equally guilty, so misgovernment is as reprehensible in Africa as in America or Europe. There should be no assistance to underdeveloped nations without the underdeveloped nations' equality being recognized by a concomitant demand for something in return – such as a fair political price.

There is a color crisis in Africa beside which the American Dilemma seems modest. Africans must come to terms with their own prejudice problem; in this respect the African, like the white Southerner; is his own executioner. From our side, blessed as we are with more self-confidence, more bitter experience, more cosmopolitanism and less nationalism, what is needed is a non-racial approach to race; an approach which recognizes the existence of exotic cultures as different, even backward, but not as a racial phenomenom; and which blurs the biological approach to politics by condemning all racism, whatever the color of the racist, and by according all men the high honor of being their own keepers.

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Beauty and the Planners

by Wolf Von Eckardt

In the five years from 1585 to 1590 Pope Sixtus V undertook the renewal of Rome. It was congested and unsanitary and he wanted the Eternal City to be a work of art for the greater glory of God and the enjoyment of man. Brunelleschi had just discovered the science of perspective, and Sixtus, enchanted, cut great vistas through the slums, so you could see the old landmarks. He got the leading artists of his time to frame the vistas with fine buildings and opened them up occasionally into great piazzas to give them inspiring settings. And he rhythmically dotted his avenues with fountains and obelisks to add interest and perspective, so that the idea of progressing along the avenues would not seem tedious.

Two-hundred-eighty-five years later Baron Haussmann made the Paris we know, building not only grand boulevards and plazas, but also the greatest modern sewer system in the world. In our time Chandigarh in India, which Le Corbusier planned, or Brasília in Brazil, which was planned by Lucio Costa and whose monumental buildings were designed by Oscar Niemeyer, are built in this tradition of city planning as an art and not just as social and traffic engineering.

Half a century before Haussmann, Major Pierre L'Enfant planned Washington, D. C., beautifully and efficiently in this tradition. Americans are proud of it. They don't seem to worry when that plan is desecrated with superhighways and heedless architecture. That's progress. And progress, everyone agrees, must be reconciled with every conceivable political and economic interest. But rarely with beauty.

"Surely the only sound foundation for a civilization is a sound state of mind," E. M. Forster has written. "Architects, contractors, international commissioners, marketing boards, broadcasting corporations will never, by themselves, build a new world. They must be inspired by the proper spirit in the people for whom they are working. For instance, we shall never have a beautiful new London until people refuse to live in ugly houses. At present, they don't mind; they demand comfort, but are indifferent to civic beauty; indeed they have no taste. I live myself in a hideous block of flats, but I can't say it worries me, and until we are worried, all schemes for reconstructing London beautifully must automatically fail."

The efforts to reconstruct Rotterdam or Hannover and to renew large parts of Rome and Paris and Sao Paulo beautifully have not failed. In Washington, St. Louis, Chicago and elsewhere in the United States they have. This is not because the Dutch, Germans, Italians, French or Brasilians have better taste. It is because they care about their cities. We still fundamentally distrust our cities, much as Jefferson did. This distrust has driven all Americans who could afford it out of the evil city into the suburbs which have largely spoiled the virtue of the country, despite the carefully-manicured lawns and expensive shrubs.

Practically every city in the country now has a city planning department. It tells the sanitation department where the sewers should go as the city grows. It also tells the real estate board where the big deals are, which is mainly determined by how closely people will live together in the various parts of the city. It puts down on a chart what happened 10 years ago and what happens today. Then it draws a line between the two points and projects it to the next 10 years. This is called city planning. City planning also watches what thousands of individuals and their firms and organizations do, and tries to understand this by statistical analysis, probability mathematics and conversions into averages. This is projected into guesses about the natural, "organic" growth of the city.

The result is a zoning map which has lots of colors. The zoning board implements the zoning map – but not very often. The map has no votes and doesn't pressure anyone. The planning department also worries about traffic. It figures out which street should be noisy with

The is the fourth of six articles on urban renewal; others will deal with the racial aspect of renewal in slums, and possible ways to improve urban renewal programs. During the three months he was preparing these reports, Wolf Von Eckardt *visited Boston, Providence, New Haven, Hartford, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and Los Angeles.*

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trucks because lots of people live on it and which should be quiet, because only a few people live on it. Then the highway department comes along and builds its highways where it damn well pleases, because there is lots of pressure for highways. Finally, the planning department rearranges its projected sewers and population densities. This is called coordination.

Sometimes the highway department doesn't make up its mind where the highway should go. This frustrates the planning department and makes some people very angry because they don't know whether they'll have to get out of the way or not. This is called poor coordination; it depresses real estate values and slows progress.

The planning department also (sometimes) has ideas for a new park or for keeping the buildings low where high buildings would spoil a view. This is called upsetting the apple cart. "Apple cart" is a folksy name for what sociologists call the "power structure." The apple cart is pushed by the mayor, the city council, or both, who employ the planning department staff. What upsets their cart, of course, is not the park or the low buildings but the protests. People always protest that parks are only for loafers and that low buildings don't make as much money as tall ones.

A Balanced Dispersal of Ugliness

Sometimes a city needs a new public-housing project or a new concert hall. That is called a planning problem. When a planning problem occurs the city planning department calls in a planning consultant from out of town. The consultant doesn't know the city or where the project or concert hall would look pretty or where it would be convenient for the people who will use it. But he makes a survey and a big study, which tells all about tax revenues and real estate values and the attitudes of people who don't want a project or concert hall to get into their accustomed ways. Then it recommends the least offensive site. The concert hall is put into a park because it doesn't earn any revenues and the value of the park no longer matters, anyhow. The project is put into the Negro district because Negroes have the best attitude.

The sites are then put on the map and the map is made into a model. The project and the concert hall are put into the model in the form of white boxes, which everybody admires. Then an architect is called in, shown the white boxes and told to make a housing project or a concert hall out of them. It must be so high and so wide and so deep. The architect has been trained to create architecture. But now he has kids who want to eat. So he designs a big white box just so high and so wide and so deep. If he tries to use beautiful stone on the box or put a mosaic on it, maybe, there's a scandal. No one wants frills for the taxpayers' money.

If a newspaper, as happens rarely, criticizes not the expense but the unsightliness of the ill-proportioned and barren box, the chief city planner writes a letter to the editor. The one Robert B. Jones wrote to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* not long ago reads in part: "The stature of a community's image must be based upon a program of action commensurate with a balanced dispersal of available resources," which is, I suppose, as good a reason as any for the balanced dispersal of ugliness.

Practically every city also has an urban renewal department of some kind. (Atlanta has two.) Some of these departments or authorities are joined with the city housing department or authorities as a hangover from the days when urban renewal was to provide housing. The up-to-date ones are all by themselves. None is ever joined with the city planning department because then either or both might do some city planning which would upset the apple cart. The urban renewal department and the city planning department don't talk to each other. They coordinate. This means that they look at each other's maps and models and smile. Then they go back to their respective jobs and coordinate some more.

Two years ago the renewers back in Washington, where you don't see the apple cart so much, decided that urban renewal should follow some sensible plan. The cities, they thought, shouldn't go on using money and energy just fixing the stairway when the kitchen was perhaps in much worse shape and repairing either would do no good so long as the roof kept leaking. Since the cities, despite their city planning departments and colored maps, didn't have such a plan, the national renewers promised the local renewers federal money – two-thirds of the expense – if they'd only prepare one. At latest count, one out of three large cities and one out of five cities over 100,000 population had accepted the bait.

The plans these cities are now making, at a collective cost of about $12 million of federal expense, are called Community Renewal Programs. The CRPs are scientific. They don't stop with the stairwell the mayor wanted fixed; they take a look at what thousands of individual people and firms and organizations do, and try to understand it by statistical analysis, probability mathematics and conversions into averages. This is projected into guesses about not only the growth but – and here's the new twist – also the probable rate of deterioration of the city and the cost to fix it up.

In 45 percent of the cities which bought the idea, CRPs are prepared by the city planning agencies, in 38 percent by the renewal agencies and in the remaining 17 percent by a combined arrangement of both. As a result, planning agencies and renewal agencies now sometimes do talk to each other since this is the only

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way they can fight in a civilized manner.

CRP is not a master plan or over-all design for the city. To create one, as Boston's renewer, Ed Logue, has said, would be trying to play God. This seems more fitting for Sixtus V or Baron Haussmann than for those who must labor for a community's image with a program of action commensurate . . . etc. Planning such a program of action makes CRP tremendously complex because nobody knows – or at least no two people agree – *what* the city is after. Looking at the stairwell and the kitchen, and even at the roof, still doesn't tell us what the remodeled house should look like or how it should work.

So CRP, in the end, is really a priority fix-up schedule for needed repairs. It will also tell us that if we tear down a 117-housing unit, 117 families will be out in the cold unless we build 117 new ones. But it tells us nothing about *how* these new units are to be built. That is called implementation and not a proper planning function. Implementation is up to Sixtus V – or whoever pushes the apple cart.

There are exceptions to all this, but not many. The most notable is Philadelphia. There were and are hassles there, but it is just about the only city in the US which had a master plan and a visual concept of what it wanted to do, at least in the inner city, and then it launched urban renewal to do it. Its chief city planner, Edmund Bacon, looked at the city and the rivers – and at what William Penn had in mind when he sketched *his* vision in 1682. Then Bacon looked at the fine, historic old buildings that needed space around them to be enjoyed, and at the deteriorated old buildings that were very much in the way. The worst of these was the Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the smut-grimed "Chinese Wall," which divided and blighted downtown. Next Bacon decided where the logical center of the city was, how the various parts and arteries of the city should function and relate to each other and where there would be a fine view of a landmark so you would know where you are in the city.

With the help of his chief designer, Wilhelm von Moltke, and a very sympathetic planning commission, he sketched all this. Next Bacon called in the city's leading architects and they worked on the two-dimensional plan and worked it up into a three-dimensional visual, so you could see how all this would shape up and how it would work. In the end, the concept was built into an enormous model. It was put on public display and much photographed for the newspapers and television. All the civic organizations and the school children were invited to see it. Everyone got an idea of what all the digging and building would add up to and where all the buildings were to go and why. Public pressure, for a change, worked for the plan.

When urban renewal came, Mayor (now Senator) Joseph S. Clark, who had called in Bacon and prompted all this, and his successor, Mayor Richardson Dilworth, set up a capital budget for what the whole thing would cost. Dilworth appointed the most energetic man he could find to ride herd on the effort and back Bacon's concept. His name is William Rafsky. Now Mayor James H. J. Tate has succeeded Dilworth, the political reform drive has diminished, and Rafsky is out. But the master plan is still rolling on by its own momentum, as you can see from the top of City Hall. Below emerges an orderly and lovable city.

"George Washington located it, Charles L'Enfant planned it, Thomas Johnson developed it, and Joseph Kennedy populated it."

Washington, D. C., like a very small but growing number of other cities, also has such a detailed, three-dimensional master plan for a limited downtown area. What makes Washington exceptional is that its planning commission staff has developed a broad sketch plan of how the rapidly expanding metropolitan area should grow in the next 50 years. Most cities have just sprawled aimlessly, like Los Angeles, in a huge, congested web of gaudy strip developments which gradually fill in. There is no center and no point of identity where you would say: "Here I am in the heart of the city!" There is no concentration where a man can work with the convenience of having the offices of his com-

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petitors, suppliers and customers around, buy a necktie, get a flower for his lapel on a nice day, drop in at an art gallery, see a movie, call on his dentist or stockbroker, bump into someone he hasn't seen for a while and buy him a drink – all within walking distance.

Washington's "Year 2000" plan calls for such concentration. It would have the city's residential areas grow along radiating arteries that from above would make it look like a star. Between these extensions would be tongues of open country and parks, reaching close to the metropolitan center. This would give everyone in the city easy and immediate access to fresh air, greenery and recreation. It's a beautiful plan and the President of the United States has endorsed it. But he also endorses sticking the proposed cultural center in an inaccessible park by the Potomac. And he won't permit the planning commission to say that this is nonsense, though most of its members think it is.

Mayor Richard Daley in Chicago has, no doubt, never given much thought to what the proposed 23,000-seat bandshell would do to Grant Park. With its necessary parking it would destroy a good portion of the park and at the same time deprive his inner city of that vital concentration and of another magnet which would attract further improvements and amenities. Likewise, Mayor Raymond D. Tucker in St. Louis is just as proud of his proposed new downtown stadium as he is of Eero Saarinen's magnificent Jefferson Expansion Memorial, soaring stainless steel arch, now being built on the shores of the Mississippi River. This arch, of course, needs an equally magnificent setting. There will be a stretch of downtown mall leading to it. But that will be lined with parking garages the stadium demands.

The City versus Automobile Traffic

Such misconceptions, however, are trifling compared to the damage inner city highways, freeways, expressways, loops and their ramps and clover leaves do. At stake here is not whether sentimental anti-automobile intellectuals or fanatical highway engineers will win a silly battle. At stake is the question whether we adjust the city to automobile traffic and thereby ruin the city, or whether we adjust automobile traffic to the city and thereby save the city.

Here, too, the planners in city hall, as well as in their schools and their study centers, are overwhelmingly more concerned about the apple cart than the future of the city. They equate urban transportation with urban highways. The Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1962 encourages them to do so. Paragraph 134, entitled "Transportation Planning in Certain Urban Areas," starts out to say that it is in the national interest "to encourage and promote the development of transportation systems" and goes on to say only that "long-range highway plans" are to be formulated.

Most planners also still see in their mind's eye the vision Le Corbusier drew up for his *Ville Radieuse* in the 1920's. It was a city "designed for speed," wherein imposing superhighways and sidelanes are flanked by rhythmically spaced skyscraper slabs on stilts. They rationalize that after all, the automobile has freed people from the tyranny of their location, giving them unprecedented freedom to move about, live, work and amuse themselves where they please.

But most planners will not see that while you can build a Radiant City on the highlands of Brasília with dubious results, you cannot impose it on Washington or New Haven or Boston or San Francisco and have anything left that's worth speeding around in. Few planners will acknowledge the blight that network of 26 railroad lines, built half a century ago, has brought upon large parts of Chicago. Though it tried hard, Chicago has not yet managed to undo either the tracks or the blight. Who knows what mode of transportation we will use half a century hence? But we can be fairly sure that the downtown expressways, like the railroad tracks, will survive all the apologies of their builders.

The notion that rapid transit is unwanted and obsolete, that it is everyone's inalienable right to rush through the inner city at 60 miles per hour, undoes all urban renewal efforts. The tyranny of these notions not only consumes an ever-increasing share of our gross national product but takes taxable land away from the city – and depresses adjacent property values to boot. At a time of severe shortage in low-income housing, it tears down more low-income housing than the nation can build. And the additional cars and parking space drive out of the city more people and business than urban renewal can ever hope to attract.

San Francisco, cut off from much of its waterfront by the hideous elevated Embarcadero Freeway, has rebelled. Its citizens have voted the first new rapid transit system to be installed in this country in 50 years. Atlanta is studying public transit. In Washington the study is complete and a bitter battle with the powerful highway lobby is locked.

But elsewhere the expressways go merrily on, slashing through the city and girdling it tighter than the medieval city walls ever did. And those had more gates than the loops have overpasses and tunnels. The city planners, meanwhile, collect all the data they can find about the decline of mass transport systems built in their grandfather's day to bolster their automobile-dominated plans. In Pittsburgh such data, along with all the other study material, statistics, averages, equations and probabilities, are now fed into a new computer planning machine. It's a breakthrough in the ancient art of city planning that poor Sixtus never dreamed of.

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Entering the Lives of Others

by Hilary Corke

When I was young (unless this is yet another illusion about the Golden Age) "collected" meant "collected" and "selected" meant "selected," and they were very different things. Nowadays if you want the lot you have to look for the magical word "complete." The present publisher's (very mild) confidence-trick is a variant on this now established formula: This time it is the little word

The Stories of William Sansom
(Atlantic – Little, Brown; $6)

"the" that is there to deceive the unwary. Mr. Sansom has published no fewer than eight volumes of short stories, of which perhaps half (thirty-three) are included between these covers. Not "The Stories," but "Stories."

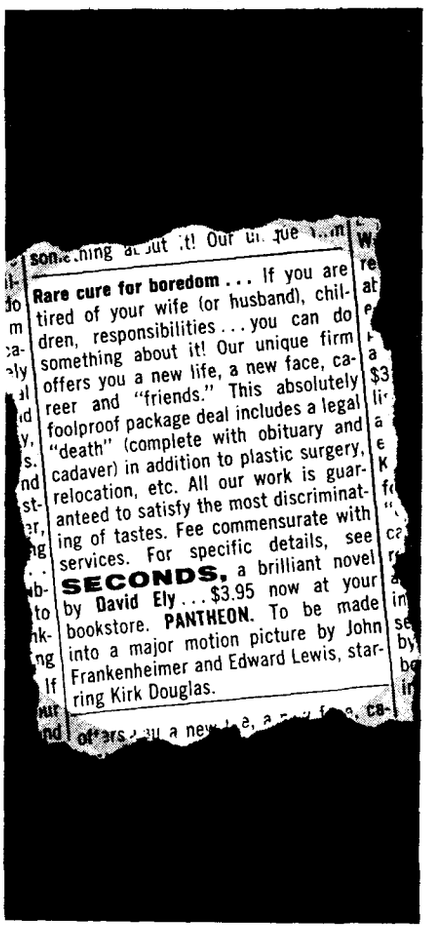
Putting this picayune point aside, here is a rich sample of this intriguing, impressive and sometimes irritating author's range of manners, or, perhaps it would be truer to say, of the wide and surprising extensions of his single manner. This is a varied tract of literary territory by no means easy to draw from on a map; and, if one attempts it by the method of categories, it's with the realization from the beginning that all the categories have porous boundaries through which they interflow.

First then, because they are perhaps the most numerous in this selection, we can consider the "stories of place." There is, for example, "Three Dogs of Siena," which evokes the whole feel of that Tuscan hill-town simply by describing the antics of the dogs as they wander from quarter to quarter. "My Little Robins" does the same thing for the maquis country of Corsica by describing the antics of a ship's engineer who goes out robin-shooting. In "Gliding Gulls and Going People" we have a shipful of accidentally gathered humans, engaged in the minuet of encounters and cross-encounters; the construction of a more intelligent Vicki Baum or shorter-winded Katherine Anne Porter. But the "subject" is not the people, it is the seas, the skies, the gulls, and the frowning mountains of Hebrides. And so "Episode at Gastein" is really "about" the faded Edwardian fineries of a Tyrolean spa, "A World of Glass' is "about" Trondhjem and the arctic light, and so on.

Next to these we may set "stories milieu." There is a tale about two mean old men in a tatty boarding house, another about the goings-on in a garden-shop, another that does the same for the fishmonger; a story about a second-rate bathing-beauty contest. And again one feels that it is the milieu that is the "subject," not the individualities of the characters.

Finally, the stories of – what shall we say? Of illusion, of timeless moment, of fear, nameable or nameless, especially of fear erupting unsuspected from a countryside that is apparently wholly serene. Here we may put the terrifying tale of the lad who climbs the ladder of a disused gasometer for a dare – the story leaves him there – frozen, immobile, unable to go up or go down. Here comes a story that embraces no more than the simple falling of a high wall in an air-raid, and the emotions of the man below who watches it and is almost certain to be crushed; and the one about the "gentleman farmer" who goes for a walk in the seemingly innocent English lanes, and the whole thing turns nasty on him, reducing him little by little to a gibbering wreck; and the "Among the Dahlias," where a light-hearted visitor to the zoo comes suddenly round a corner face to face with an escaped lion; and "A Game of Billiards" where a casual luncher at a hotel gets trapped by a madman in the billiard-room.

Even from these bare outlines, it is evident that these are not the sort of stories written by most of Mr. Sansom's contemporaries. Most writers, I imagine, begin either with characters or an event; it is around these that the other elements of the tale concrete themselves. But in his "place" stories, Mr. Sansom begins in what we may call a purely geographical spirit, using the adjective in its very widest sense. These pieces in fact are extensions of the sort of highly-colored super-sensitive I-was-there travel book that he also occasionally writes. He starts with some spot on the earth's surface whose complex of topography, climate, history, national characteristics and so on, speak intimately to him; and he goes on from there to demand "*what* sort of incident might occur here that would most truly express the spirit of it? And to what sort of people?" The effect is a startling reduction in the expected scale of the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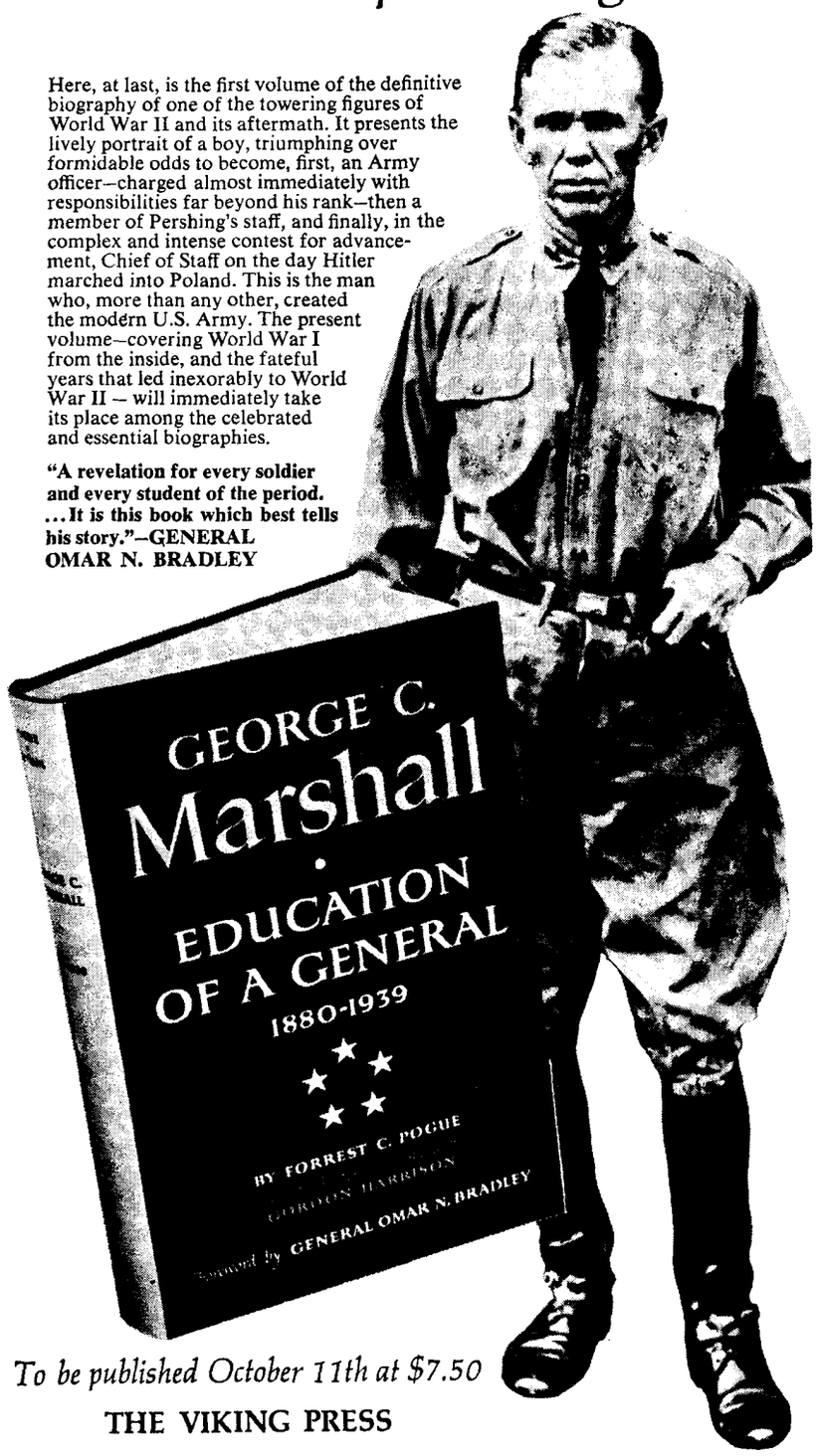

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human; man, who is usually the be-all and end-all of the short-story writer's art, is reduced to a mere telling detail in a landscape.

The same sort of question is asked before he launches upon a story of "milieu." Only here we may go further and note certain predilections – for the seedy and shabby, for the world of small-shop assistants, for the secret lives of young, or even adolescent girls. In one way we can think of this as "poetic socialism," by which I mean the attempt to discover the essential poetry, excitement and mystery of the sort of lives that appear most prosaic on the outside, the lives indeed of the Little Man, and the Little Woman. Indeed Mr. Sansom has actually produced a volume of short stories of this sort, *Lord Love Us*, of which only one is included in the volume under notice, and I quote the fishmonger hero's description of his own wedding:

> "Through wet February I saved, and March, April too. Until a month in Spring my lovely Lil I naved, she wed me in the Spring. Nor was there ever tile so white as she upon her wedman's day."

Or we can explain his choices in this way, which is (as I fancy) nearer the mark: that his desire is always to enter into lives as distantly removed as possible from his own – a young, ignorant, working-class girl (his favorite impersonation) being with every precision of opposition exactly what he is not. In this light we must see him as the rash but almost invariably triumphant acceptor of outrageous imaginative challenges. There is, indeed, even a danger of a whiff of cocksure bravado. At a more serious level, he is constantly saying to himself "What on earth would it be like to be. . . ."
And that is no doubt largely the mainspring of his tales of timeless moments too: "What on earth would it be like, *if* (a falling wall, a lion, a madman, et cetera)?" Again the challenge, the bravado, the temerity, the triumph. This is an art that does not seek, in the classic formula, to conceal itself, but to reveal itself rather. It is an art that does not direct itself, finally, toward humanness, but rather through this to-

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ward a further end which, if we want to puff it, we can call *philosophical* or spiritual and, if we want to shrink it, *literary*.

This impression of the author as illusionist, impersonator, rather than interpreter, is borne out by the style. How can one characterize it? Perhaps by saying that it is *experimental* in the time-honored sense, but at the same time contradictorily soft – soft as the styles of Duras or Robbe-Grillet say, or of Beckett, are hard. Indulgently, not sternly, experimental. Not austere, and yet not rich (as the style of Durrell, for example, is rich), it is rather bubbling, lightweight, frothy, ecstatic, breathless. It is even schoolgirlish, if one could say that and keep the patronizing out of one's voice. At times, the dread shade of prose-poetry hovering perilously near; at times, slightly elephantine gambollings – of little chubby baby elephants, pranksome in tenderest disports. At almost all times, too many adjectives, too many similes (a cloying surfeit of sweets), too many *likes*.

In fact one could call it stagey, and that can be the last word – not necessarily a pejorative one. If we want to enjoy Sansom the story-writer we have to transform ourselves into the man at the back of the stalls. Not an easy transposition. But it is worth the effort: here, when they are shaken clear of the suds and iridescence and mouthings are, perhaps not many, but at least half a dozen faultlessly unforgettable tales.

God's Angry Woman

by Gerald W. Johnson

At a time when everything seems to be in flux, it is charming to find even one fixed point, one immutability; so it is a joy to report that Margaret Halsey is still furious. If Margaret ever calmed down, who could a man rely on? She hasn't. Her new book, slender though it is, is enough to corrode a zinc sink; and she would not abate by a jot her rage against Ananias, Cain and Judas Iscariot even if the Gallup poll gave them a popularity rating of 80 percent.

The Pseudo-Ethic
by Margaret Halsey
(Simon & Schuster; $3)

Indeed, just that, she avers, is happening in the United States at this moment. The old-fashioned Judeo-Christian ethic has been not replaced, but turned upside down and presented as the reverse of itself; and this "pseudo-ethic" has spread through the land the evil "smell of rotting conscience."

It began, she thinks, with the beatification of Whittaker Chambers. The guilt or innocence of Alger Hiss is irrelevant; the point is that the testimony of such a witness should not have been accepted against a sheep-killing cur, much less a human being. But it was not only accepted, it was held up as an act of pure patriotism and Chambers made a great deal of money – some have figured it as high as a quarter of a million – out of his celebrity.

What happened to Hiss was a triviality compared to what happened to the national character when a self-confessed perjurer and double traitor was transformed into a folk-hero. Perhaps Margaret Halsey would deny cherishing any faith in hell, hanging and calomel, but she assuredly believes in the condign punishment of stinkers, and it is her melancholy conviction that it is the practice at the present time to shower them with roses.

She is not content to accept it as merely another instance of dirty politics; she thinks that the whole social organism must be badly infected before politics can get that dirty. She ranges widely through polities, literature, the arts and religion to cite instances in which the nation seems to have quoted Milton's Lucifier: "Evil, be thou my good." She documents her cases, too. Those things happened within the memory of people now at the point of reaching middle age.

However, it is not the factual history that makes the book a delight to connoisseurs of polemics; it is the barbed phrase with which she harpoons victims far more reputable than Chambers – John Foster Dulles, "the Prim Reaper who invented brinkmanship"; Eisenhower, "inert and uninflected – a piece of chewing gum rolling around in the jaws of history"; Kennedy, "makes a great to-do about things cultural, and

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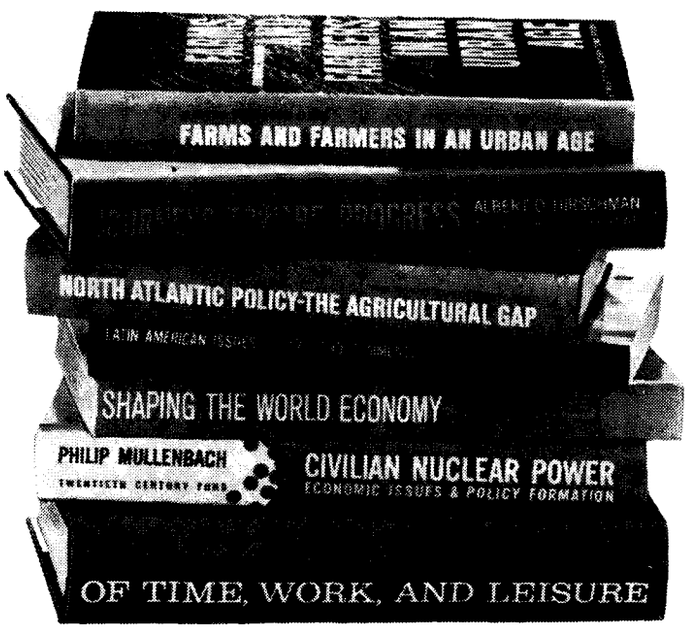
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in his soirées at the White House he uses up artists as if they were Kleenex," but he has done nothing to educate the public against the phonies.

In my opinion, *The Pseudo-Ethic* is tart, but tonic. The danger is that because it contains a great deal of truth it may be mistaken for the whole truth. The author is right in asserting that we are in a moral slump, but she is wrong in intimating that it is unprecedented. Before Eisenhower, we had Coolidge; and before Coolidge McKinley; and before McKinley, Grant. Even under Harding it is doubtful that things were as foul as they were under Grant. But we pulled out of the slump in every case – by the assistance, be it added, of people as furious as Margaret Halsey.

THEATER

English Gardeners and American Gardens

The Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis is a cultural seed planted by an English gardener in the rich, untilled soil of the Midwest; and in its very first season, it has already sprouted into a handsome plant. Mr. Guthrie, who also ploughed and cropped in Canada, obviously has a green thumb – but the fruits of his American endeavors are oddly varied: sometimes delicious, occasionally without much taste. One begins to suspect that his theater is a transplant, producing hybrids – it looks for all the world like a British repertory, though it has been largely staffed with American actors. Guthrie has taught his company to speak a clear, spirited English; and, aided by Douglas Campbell, his assistant artistic director, and Tania Moiseiwitsch, his hugely gifted designer, he has shaped a couple of memorable productions. But I do not think he has solved, or even bothered to confront, the problem of an American classical style. Standard diction for heroes and cockney for clowns; characters based on the English class system; updated Shakespeare with reference to recent English history – these are the techniques we have come to associate with Stratford-on-Avon and the Old Vic. The Minnesota Theater will soon be equal, I think, to most of the repertories in England (it is already superior to the Old Vic), and so it probably seems ungracious to complain; but I rarely sensed that it was native, and to our manner born.

Hamlet
by William Shakespeare
The Miser
by Molière
The Three Sisters
by Anton Chekhov
Death of a Salesman
by Arthur Miller
(The Minnesota Theater Company)

Within these limits, however, the company functions admirably. Though it may not be the most impressive acting ensemble ever formed in America, it has apparently been inspired by the really excellent conditions under which it works. The theater building, for example, is a beautiful steel, wood, and glass structure, and the house is designed both for intimacy and for grandeur. The audience looks down on the action, sometimes from a dizzy height, but it surrounds the stage on three sides (no spectator is ever more than two hundred feet from the apron), and is always being directly addressed by the actors. As for the stage, an asymmetrical platform of polished oak, it is not only an aesthetic object in itself but also a keen precision instrument as functional as costumes or props.

Guthrie's production of *Hamlet*, set in some recent period, probably Victorian, used this stage to great advantage, but it was not always very coherent. With Hamlet delivering his soliloquies in smoking jackets and Italian suits, with Laertes costumed like an IRA man in trenchcoat and boots, with the Danish soldiers in Graustark uniforms and the ministers in cutaway coats, and with Fortinbras dressed like the German Kaiser and his aides-de-camp in the

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khakis of the British Expeditionary Forces, I was never very clear about which country was embroiled in which squabbles at what particular time and place. Some years ago, Mr. Guthrie illuminated *Troilus and Cressida* with much the same approach, but in *Hamlet*, he only made us conscious of puzzling anachronisms: ghosts in an age of rationalism, swords in an age of dynamite, peculiar hostilities between Norway and Poland, etc. Zoe Caldwell's Ophelia was too heavy and Jessica Tandy's Gertrude too light, but this ambiance occasionally inspired some interesting performances: Lee Richardson's Colonel Blimp of a Claudius, played like a Crimean General about to recount the campaign at Balaklava, Robert Pastene's bureaucratic Polonius, Ed Preble's cheeky grave digger, John Cromwell's Player King, an actor in the school of Forbes-Robertson. And whenever external action was called for, the play ignited, especially in the play scene – a panic of scrambling courtiers blinded by leiko lights – and the duel scene – the most exciting version of the Hamlet-Laertes fracas I have yet witnessed. But the internal action was neglected, partly because the production lacked psychological detail, partly because George Grizzard (who would have made an excellent Rosencrantz) was a callow Hamlet: sullen instead of noble, peevish instead of witty, self-pitying instead of melancholy.

The next two shows – Douglas Campbell's production of *The Miser* and Guthrie's of *The Three Sisters* – were fine work. Campbell turned the Molière work into a *commedia dell'arte* scenario, with masked harlequins improvising doors and windows, *inamorati* making stylized love, and servants being beaten with slapsticks, all climaxed by a hilarious recognition scene which became a dizzy, madcap dance. Mr. Campbell's comic invention occasionally flagged, but Hume Cronyn's Harpagon was a performance of such versatility that the *lazzi* seemed superfluous anyway. As Mr. Cronyn is only rarely permitted to show, he is one of the most gifted charactor actors in America. His Harpagon was of such epic stinginess that even his movements seemed prodigal, though he scurried about the stage like a ravenous rodent sniffing out cheese. His climatic scene – in which his strongbox is stolen, and suspicious of everybody (including himself) he rends his clothes – combined just the right helpings of hysteria, pathos, and farce.

If *The Miser* was essentially virtuouso work, the ensemble work of *The Three Sisters* left one with the sense that the group had been acting together for ages. Mr. Guthrie, who is not always so diligent in the service of a text, devoted himself faithfully to Chekhov's intentions, and the result was a clean, crisp, precise performance without a single blurred edge, offered in a translation (by Guthrie and Leonid Kipnis) which may be the most actable version extant. Guthrie repeatedly struck that note of banishment which is the *leitmotif* of the play – banishment from hearth and from heart – but without exaggerating the pathos: the tempo of each of the four acts was as varied as the four movements of a classic sonata. As for the acting, two or three parts were played without distinction, but the rest was of the highest quality, especially Claude Wollman's eager, stuttering Tusenbach, Hume Cronyn's twinkly Tchebutykin, Jessica Tandy's slightly hysterical Olga, and Clayton Corzatte's sweetly foolish Kulygin. *The Three Sisters* was the triumph of the repertory and the climax of the Minneapolis season.

Death of a Salesman, however, was its *dénouement*, and a sorry conclusion to an otherwise distinguished program. I have never been convinced that this is a very important work, and I am certain that it is too familiar to need reviving (so is a better play, *The Glass Menagerie*, which Guthrie has announced for next season – the choice of plays at Minneapolis is hardly audacious). Old Broadway plays are better left to the commercial visionaries at Lincoln Center; and, as a matter of curious fact, the Miller work proved least popular of all. The Minneapolis actors were simply too refined for their roles, and Hume Cronyn, though occasionally powerful, was too sophisticated to catch the *lumpen* desperation of Willy Loman. Douglas Campbell's production was further hamstrung by an extremely precarious and unwieldy set (the only one not designed by Moiseiwitsch) – an abstract steel structure which forced the play into a style

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of misty Expressionism. This was also the style of a more competent production which I saw last summer at the Brandeis Forum Theater, but it is a mistake. *Death of a Salesman* is essentially a realistic problem play, in which even Willy's hallucinations have the quality of factual flashbacks, since most of them are rendered accurately. The spectacle of American actors stumbling over the most familiar kind of American play suggests that there are problems to be overcome at Minneapolis, despite its substantial achievements, and that until it can forge a classical style out of the American experience, it will not be a theater we can truly call our own.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

ART

Printmaking and the Painter

Printmakers are odd in many ways and one of the ways is the feeling shared by so many of them that they really ought to be painters. Not only do they feel this; they spend an awful lot of time producing paintings which are simply not as good as paintings as their prints are as prints. This feeling I suspect, is impressed upon them from the outside. It is not simply a case of the clown who wants to play Hamlet; for one thing, a first-rate clown is usually paid at least as well as a first-rate tragedian, and is likely to be paid more regularly. The economics of printmaking are entirely different from those of painting. The price of a contemporary print – ranging as it does from 10 percent to two percent of a comparable contemporary painting – the printmaker normally sells his work not through a single dealer, but rather through a whole chain of dealers situated from New York to Los Angeles; even "chain" is inaccurate, for there is no central purchasing agent and disbursing officer; each printmaker gradually builds up his own chain of outlets, piece by piece. Like paintings, the works are usually handled on commission; this means the artist is paid only after the sale is made and too often not until some months after that, his share of the price providing in the meantime part of the floating capital of a dozen dealers. This is one big reason for the presence of most of this country's best printmen, in contrast to its best painters, at universities, where the pay comes in every month and Blue Cross is standing by. Another reason for being on university faculties – as are Gabor Peterdi at Yale, Rudy Pozzatti at Indiana, Mauricio Lasansky at Iowa, Dean Meeker at Wisconsin and many others – is more intrinsic; printmaking remains an art with a large share of craft to it, craft which can be taught and learned; by contrast, painting in America since World War II has come to be regarded as pretty well 100 percent inspiration; it all comes from

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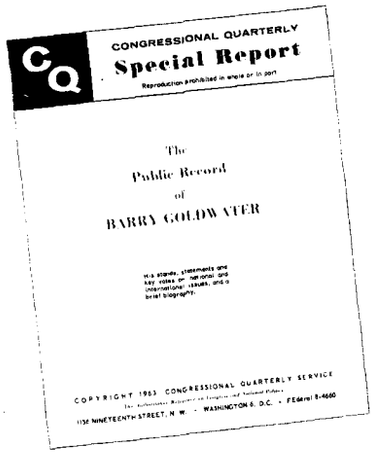

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the gods through the ecstatic painter as medium; if he tries to learn anything about his trade, he's likely to choke off his mystical inspiration. Since it is not only difficult but predictably dull to teach people to have oracular frenzies, the top painters don't often make the university scene. The top printmen, equipped with a whole bag of traditional tricks to which they themselves add constantly, do. But they do at the cost of regarding themselves as less than pure artists; they teach tricks, methods and materials, like a carpenter. If the divine speaks through them it does so through their deliberate command of their profession, not through their becoming planchettes on a Ouija board.

Against this anarchistic background of American prints there have been several recent efforts to bring order. The Print Council has brilliantly changed the exhibition setup for prints in America by creating multiple-shows for the multiple-originals that prints are. The production of lithographs in particular has been increased by two determined women: Tatyana Grosman on Long Island and June Wayne at the Tamarind Workshop in Los Angeles. Both have brought artists who are fundamentally painters into lithography with varying results. Miss Wayne, however, has also opened lithography to such intaglio printmakers as Harold Altman and Rudy Pozzatti to the perceptible broadening of their art. The problem of distribution remains a web of individual relations between artists and dealers. It is heartening to report at least two sustained efforts going on to bring some measure of order to the chaotic system.

Two New York firms, Delphic Arts and A. Lublin & Co., have taken up the ancient practice of commissioning print-editions by artists and distributing them to dealers throughout the country. It is essentially a wholesaling operation and seems capable of bringing once more to life the excellent results of the traditional relationship between print artist and bookseller-printer which so long dominated the print trade in Europe and England but which never did take very deep root here. After decades of total independence, the American printmaker is not likely to drift into the aesthetic peonage that often followed the economic security of the arrangement in the old country, with the proprietor determining questions of color, size and subject based on his alleged feeling for the market. And the system does offer a printman escape from conducting a mail order business.

This new departure, in addition to providing a systematic outlet for printmakers, has also brought painters into printmaking. This practice has not always been happy. In Europe, especially in France, there has been a tendency to produce lithographs as relics of famous painters available at cheap prices rather than as art works in themselves. This has not been happening here and in one case the new arrangement has stimulated the arrival at prints of an artist who was born for them, the painter, Jack Levine.

In recent months, intaglio prints by Levine, mostly etchings with aquatint, have turned up in scattered dealers' shops and in scattered museum collections, all more or less at once. They have been distributed by Lublin, a firm which also presumably introduced the artist to one of the finest intaglio printers in the business, Emiliano Sorini. With the guidance of Sorini, Levine has produced a half dozen prints that completely justify an old opinion held on this page that despite his obvious command of paint, Levine has the spirit of prints – the spirit, for example, that animates Goya in the "Disasters of War," and Rouault in the "Miserere," as well as, on occasion, that of Hogarth in his progresses.

In the paintings, that spirit has played ironically against what is technically some of the most beautiful painting going on in our time. In the prints the felicities of intaglio themselves constitute the language of irony and restrained social comment that is Levine's. Two prints in particular offer a fascinating comparison with his methods as a painter, since they are of similar subjects. "Prisoner" is a deep black-print translation of the painting, "The Spanish Prison," done two years ago. On a related theme, "The Turnkey," which might be called a Portrait of General Franco as a Jailor, has become, in print, "The General."

The latter painting simply shows El Caudillo seated in a prison office, jackbooted, slightly bloated, decorations richly gleaming in a setting largely flat white – that of prison whitewash – and you think immediately of the scriptural room swept clean and waiting for the arrival of demons worse than those swept out. The print alters the composition somewhat by moving the general to the right, but the imporant "translation" is the use of aquatint. The granular passages not only recall the politically relevant use of the method by Goya but convey newly the utterly arid corruption through power that was the artist's vision. The roly-poly figure astonishingly combines memories of Franco with those of the late Edward Brophy and power is revealed as finally stupifying.

The other image, that of the prisoner, is the other side of the coin, the victim of power. The image has changed considerably from painting to print. The figures are reversed, for one thing, and in that process a shift has taken place in their psychic relations as well. The guard is at least equal, in the painting, to the prisoner, who is beaten, bound and gagged and whose pale flesh has the texture of ancient stucco, suggesting the wall against which the condemned are stood for execution. The

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print sinks the guard into almost total blackness, smooth and velvety and barely penetrated by such light as is needed to define the shoulder strap, the brass buttons, the hat in silhouette, the rifle. The lower part of his face is in light, his eyes in complete shadow, thus creating a pattern with the gagged lower part of the prisoner's face. The prisoner is much stronger than in the painting. He may still be going to death but he is going as a man retaining his identity in the murky darkness that has already absorbed the person of the guard. Taken together, the two prints are an extraordinary comment on one aspect of politics in our time.

The new distribution system may or may not amount to something in the long run. But it has already justified itself simply by bringing Levine into the medium formed centuries ago by such an art of bite and cut as his.

Frank Getlein

FILMS

After the Ball was Over

New York has just had its first film festival, thus following belatedly in the steps of such metropolises as San Francisco, Bergamo, Cork. There were no prizes. Two concurrent series were shown at Lincoln Center (21 features, 32 shorts) and the Museum of Modern Art (11 features). The former contained as-yet unreleased new films, the latter relatively recent films that have never been publicly shown. The press was asked not to review the films but to comment on the festival as a whole. My notes follow.

1. Festivals are always imperfect, rationally indefensible, exciting. This one was a sort of international harvest celebration, and the feeling in going to it for a concentrated ten days was quite different from random film-going. Much of the large audience attended many of the films and seemed to get an understandable pleasure out of the quasi-ritual act.

But it was madness to run the two series concurrently. I tried for three days to see the total of three films shown every day in both places and can recommend it only to those in quest of brain tumor. I had to drop the Museum series. I was able to see 17 of the Center's 21 films, with attendant shorts, and these remarks are concerned only with them. Surely New York can support two series *seriatim* so that we are not forced to choose between them.

2. Three of the features – by Olmi, Polanski, and Losey – were of exceptional interest and will be discussed here in detail when they open publicly. The common denominator among most of the others – particularly the "arty" ones – was tediousness. The persisting sin of serious film-makers, even some with talent, is reluctance to stop: a shot, a scene, a film. When the maker has no theatrical sense and his cinematic sense consists of lingering over very little, of trying to wring out meanings (usually symbolic) through insistence on trivia, the result is physically excruciating. I wriggled through many of these films. And I willingly risk a charge of philistinism in supposing that they have been declined by importers because they are boring, not because they are too good.

Then, while I wriggled, I looked around and saw miles and miles of people sitting rapt. There is already a strong mystique of acceptance in the hard-core "art" audience. Along with a welcome growth of interest in serious films, there has grown a belief that anything "non-commercial" is at least worth attention. The film world shares what I would call the anti-Hanslick syndrome. In the 19th Century, the Viennese music critic Hanslick, like other critics of other arts, made judgmental howlers about some new works. The 20th Century, keenly aware of these conservative errors, is trying to atone for them by embracing every crankishness as creative, every incompetence as liberation from tradition.

3. Yet the audience, as noted, was extraordinary. It was more than the usual milling herd, plodding to theaters on or off Broadway in the endless "hit" parade. They generated the keenest sense of intrinsic interest that I have felt (outside of music and ballet audiences) since the proletarian plays of the thirties, the feeling that they were there because nothing could have kept them away. Much can be forgiven because of this – even their cliquish laughter at the two feature comedies (one American, one French) which seemed to me to be non-existent without carefully primed viewers.

4. The audience reaction underscored a sense that the film, in this country, is possibly the one art form that is *wanted*. The public needs no cosseting, no National Film Week, like National Library or Music Week. In other arts – fiction and music, for instances – more good work is being produced than there is audience for. The reverse is true in films: there is more eager audience than good work.

5. The shorts varied widely in quality. Of those I saw, cartoons by the Czechs Bedrich and Brdecka, the Italian Bozzetto, the Englishman Dunning, the American Vanderbeek, had charm. None of the "live" shorts was memo-

Notes on Contributors

Jean Daniel *is foreign affairs editor of* L'Express. Paul Goodman *is the author of* Growing Up Absurd. Raymond D. Senter *writes regularly in* The New Republic *on military affairs*. Hilary Corke *is a British poet and critic.*

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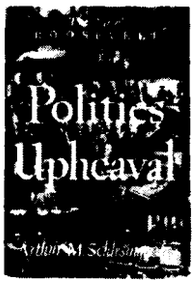

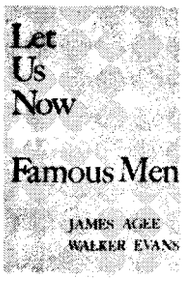

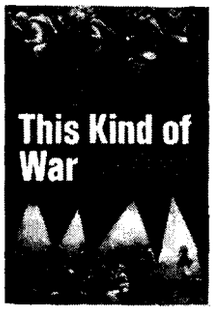

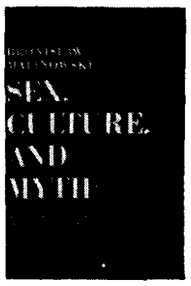

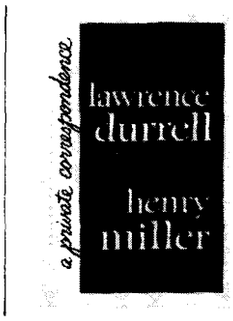

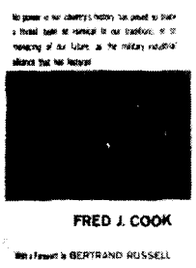

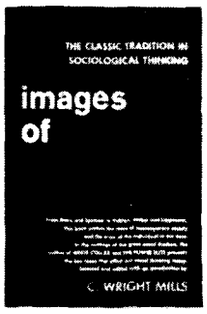

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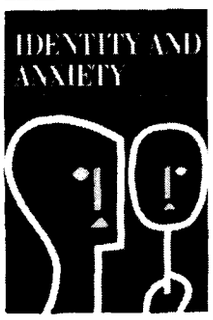

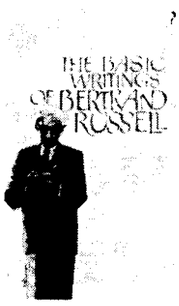

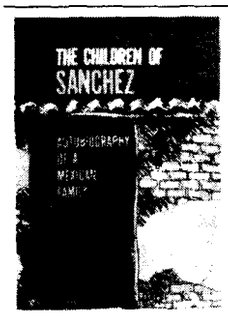

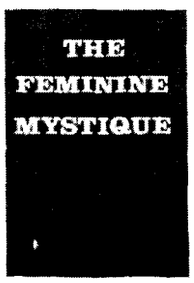

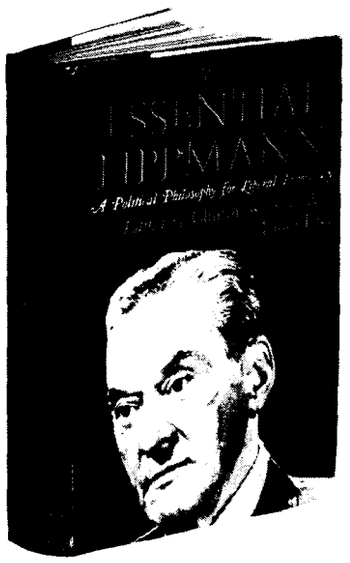

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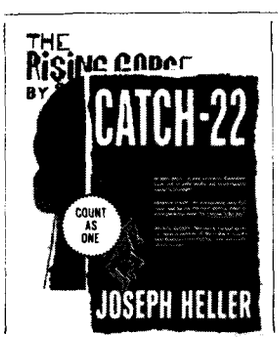

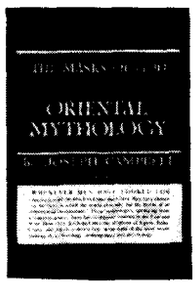

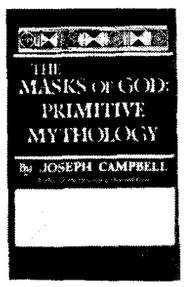

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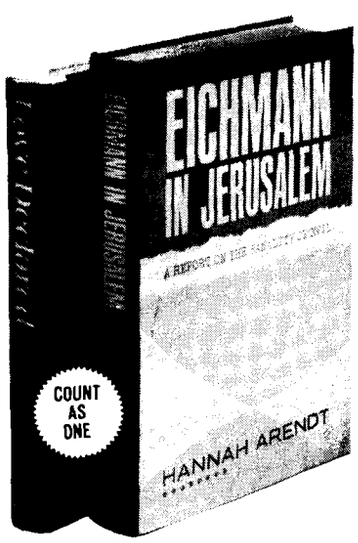

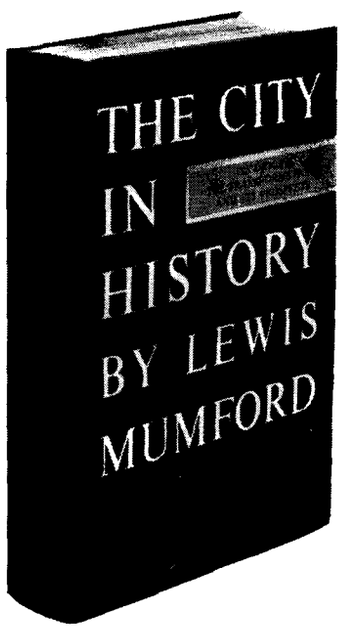

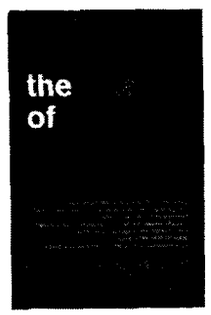

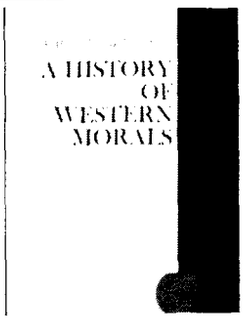

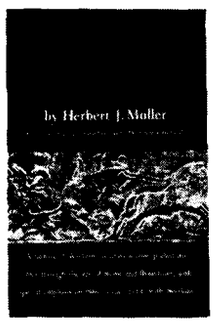

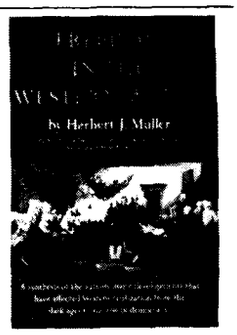

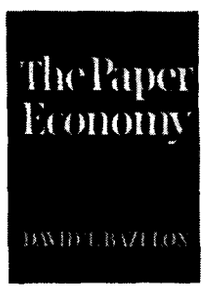

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rable except two by the American collaborators Robert Drew and Ricky Leacock, which were both fascinating and objectionable.

I shall not review these two films as such, simply discuss their basic device. They were prepared for television and run about an hour each. The first, *Crisis*, took us into Robert Kennedy's home and office, President Kennedy's office, Governor Wallace's office, while these gentlemen and their associates planned strategy and counter-strategy in relation to the enrollment of two Negro students at the University of Alabama last June. The second, *The Chair*, which dealt with the last-ditch fight for commutation of Paul Crump's death sentence in Chicago, took us into the death house, his lawyer's office, (including two outbursts of weeping by the lawyer), conferences between the weeper and Louis Nizer who was called in to help, the official hearing of the appeal. No one could be bored at being privy to these occasions, but that in itself is no justification for the films. What dignity, what scope for free discussion are left an Attorney-General and a President if a camera and microphone are present when they discuss plans? Is a lawyer's work for a client, once considered their affair alone, to be made a *frisson*-fest for movie theaters when a life is at stake?

The line between what the public is and is not entitled to know is an extremely fine one, but it seems to me that these instances are nowhere near it. Albert and David Maysles have made a "cinéma-verité" film called *Showman*, about the distributor Joseph Levine (not included in the festival) which I enjoyed very much. If Levine was willing to have it made, the only relevant question had been answered. But to make shows of government conference and of legal process seems to me reprehensible. And "shows" is what they are; all the participants knew the equipment was present and they had, to some extent, to be performing.

The process is symptomatic of a general corruption of the very idea of privacy, a hunger for sensation that is both fed and teased by the mass media. These two films – not apart from but *because* of the importance of their subjects – are vulgarity distilled. Messrs. J. and R. Kennedy, Wallace, Nizer, and the other persons who permitted the making of these pictures deserve the censure of all of us.

6. A festival program, like an anthology, can never entirely please anyone. These films were chosen by Richard Roud, an American-born critic functioning in England. The difficulties of his job are easy to see, but we can also see, through his program notes, that he thought some of the program's lowest points were as good as its best. Those notes gave a faint aroma of silly *cinéaste* effusion to the whole festival, particularly when Mr. Roud effervesced about two of the films (no names, please!) whose inclusion seemed completely unjustifiable.

7. *Incidental intelligence:* a) The festival allowed us to hear the eff word in a film for the first time – in a short that was made, appropriately, by and with William Burroughs.

b) Lincoln Center, site of this serious film festival, is diagonally across the street from the funeral parlor where Valentino's body lay in state in 1926 and caused a near-riot.

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After the Test Ban

Sirs:

The boldness of Professor Brzezinski's call for a "major new effort to reunify Europe" ("After the Test Ban," August 31) immediately tantalized and intrigued me. Failure to make such an effort, it is said, would cause the US position to be undermined by either Russians or Gaullists, both of whom "would capitalize on western European . . . frustration with the status quo." In search of elaboration, I learned that the Russians are now using the test-ban treaty to open bilateral negotiations with the US in hopes of breaking up NATO and guaranteeing Russian hegemony in eastern Europe. Simultaneously, it seems, the wily Russians will try to use such an accord "to prevent the French, and thus indirectly the Germans (?), from building effective nuclear weapons," and failing that, will at least have the pleasure of watching American efforts to prevent such nuclear dispersion "generate new conflict in the western camp." From this I could only assume that we should help the French gain such weapons in order to foil the Russians. But no, it seems that I was wrong, because if she gets such weapons "France is likely to put forth proposals concerning the reunification of Europe." Is this bad? Apparently, because it would render an American-Soviet dialogue extremely difficult – but then Professor Brzezinski is opposed to that, too.

If neither we nor the French are to talk to the Russians, then I suppose the ideal situation is that nobody talks to them. What do the Russians want (aside from our either opposing or not opposing the French in their quest for nuclear weapons) that makes it so perilous for anyone to talk to them? The answer, it would seem, is a non-aggression pact which would "vividly demonstrate American acceptance of a divided Europe." Obviously, only the Russians

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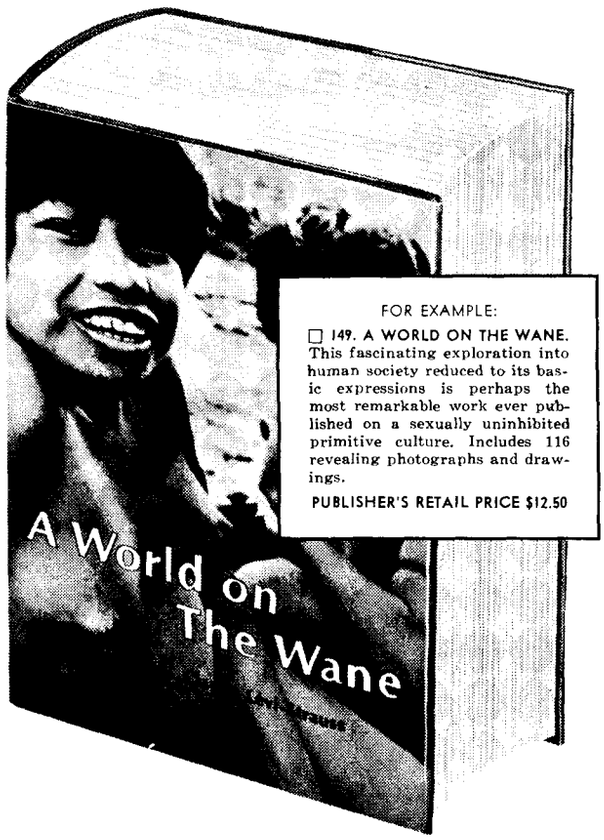

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want a divided Europe, or else, according to the good professor's reasoning, there would be no reason not to sign a non-aggression pact. But at the same time he tells us that "a divided Europe is likely to remain dominated by the US," while a united Europe, independent of the US, "might not accept the status quo." Does the US then want to keep Europe divided in order to maintain the status quo? Not at all, we are told, since this is what the Russians want. Do we then want to unite Europe in order to erode the status quo? No, because then the Europeans would no longer "remain dominated by the US."

If we are to have neither French nuclear weapons nor *no* French nuclear weapons, neither a united Europe nor a divided one, what is it we are seeking? The answer, at last, comes in the professor's last paragraph where we learn that the US should "propose new relationships between the Common Market and the Communist states" (are we now speaking for the Common Market?) to reunify Europe along our own lines through such startling means as: improving the standard of living in Communist nations, opening an "articulate dialogue" with Communist societies and addressing ourselves to the "internal tensions and difficulties which these societies face," discussing "constructively and openly" their "internal difficulties," and furnishing "books and materials about Stalinism" to the young peoples of eastern Europe. By such bold and imaginative policies the US will presumably have made its "major new effort to reunify Europe" and will transform the test-ban treaty into "a landmark in the history of post-war international relations."

While containing my excitement at Professor Brzezinski's boldness, I am everlastingly grateful to him for demonstrating that Europe can be reunited by an expanded USIA library system and that such messy business as negotiations with the Russians over the future of the satellites is quite unnecessary.

Ronald Steel
Washington, D.C.

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Students in Cuba

Sirs:

If the aims of the students' trip to Cuba were (1) to challenge US travel restrictions and (2) to bring home a potentially publishable new look on Cuba, it is obvious that the wrong students made the trip. The leader, instead of being an avowed NY "Marxist-Leninist" ought to have been a blonde English major from Southern Methodist. The students should not have included the 8 or 10 PLM members, or other fringe elements, but should have been free from such easily smeared associations. The group which made this trip could never have hoped for a "fair hearing" on its return. Outrage by Congress and the press over the "subversive" nature of the group conveniently obliterated all discussion of their aims. Granted, a poor situation exists if a protesting group has to present a clean image to be effective, but under no other circumstances does it stand a chance of being listened to. (The march on Washington leaders fully realized this . . . and succeeded). In the face of the students' political naïveté one can only sigh for folly, wonder about other motives for the trip, or talk about "adolescents" – for even Murray Kempton did not mention the groups' aims in his review of this complete protest-flop.

Michael L. Glenn
New York City

Unarmed Victory

Sirs:

The review by John Mander of Bertrand Russell's book *Unarmed Victory* (August 17), is one with which those who have been deeply involved in the Sino-Indian dispute are familiar. It has appeared in the *Times of India*, in a book called *Great Britain or Little Britain*, and in the monthly of which Mr. Mander is an Assistant Editor, *Encounter*.

The reviewer states that the neutralism of Lord Russell would oblige him to strongly condemn the peacebreakers and side with the victims and this, according to Mr. Mander means damning the Russians and the Chinese. This is all very well, but it has nothing to do with neutralism, the facts of the two crises,

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or with Russell's *Unarmed Victory*.

Lord Russell believes that neutrals can most effectively combat the Cold War and the danger of annihilation because they are non-belligerent and can advance proposals which do not come from the "enemy." He considers that both East and West are reprehensible but neither is justified in risking imminent annihilation.

Bertrand Russell nowhere maintains that neutralists merely mediate but may not evaluate or publicly condemn. Nor does Lord Russell fail to oppose the peacebreakers or to side with the victims. It is precisely because for John Mander the victims must always be the virtuous non-Communists and the peacebreakers the wicked Reds that he is incapable of examining issues on their merits.

The issues are not so difficult to understand. The United States has bullied, starved, invaded and blockaded the island of Cuba. A big country has sought to destroy a small one because it fears the social system in existence in the small one. This is the view of American-Cuban relations held by Lord Russell and two chapters of *Unarmed Victory* document it. The placement of missiles in Cuba is condemned as futile and wrong, but then Russell has been opposing such missiles for years.

With regard to the Sino-Indian dispute, Lord Russell shows how the territorial claims of both have justification, how the Chinese case was almost entirely suppressed in the West, and how the very beginning of hostilities was in no way clearly the responsibility of China. Mr. Mander would rather believe in Santa Claus than the possibility of China as a wronged party. General Maxwell Taylor did testify, however, to the effect that India made the first military move and began hostilities. These are the sorts of facts which Mr. Mander would rather not know.

Ralph Schoenman
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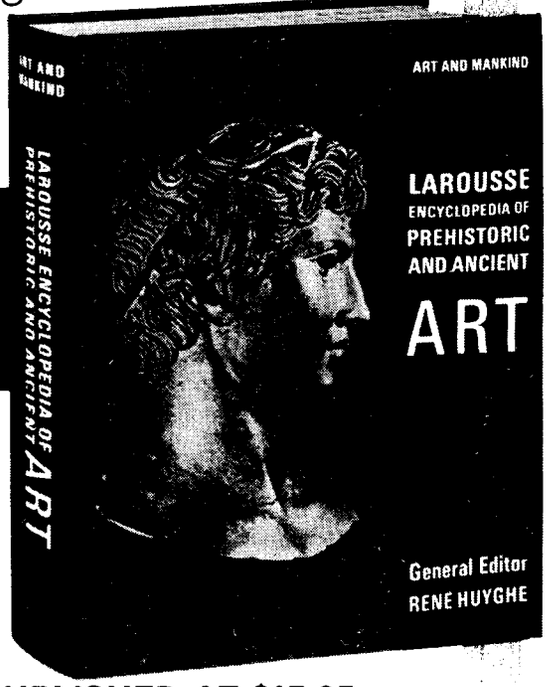

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